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5 DEC 1950

# Dames cause ALL the trouble

A SHORT STORY  
BY  
WILLARD H. TEMPLE

It was time for Henry Trimble's daily ordeal. He scowled at the office staff, glared at the windows covered with falling snow, then picked up the telephone and heard the low, throaty voice he had come to despise.

"This is Trimble," Henry said coldly. "How's the kid? How much does Junior weigh to-day?" He jotted the figures down on a sheet of memo paper headed: DON'T SAY IT—WRITE IT.

"He weighed the same yesterday," Henry said. "Ten pounds four ounces yesterday, ten pounds four ounces to-day. What are you trying to do, starve that kid? Make a midget out of him?"

Henry held the telephone away from his ear and everyone in the office could hear the squawks coming from it.

"That caretaker the boss got for his kid," Henry said, "I bet she rides around the house on a broomstick."

"I do not," said the voice loudly, and Henry winced.

"Listen," he said, "you're minding that kid while the boss and his wife are in Florida, but if anything happens he'll probably hold me responsible. Is everything hunky-dory with that kid? No ailments—no—" Henry listened a

*"I'll scare the baby with this on," he mumbled through the improvised mask.*

moment. "A rash, huh?" he said. "Did you call a doctor? What'd he say? . . . Okay, I'll buzz you to-morrow."

Henry hung up the phone. "Little punk's got a rash," he said. "Get me the boss."

Henry's secretary, who had her nose pressed to the window, came over to him. "The radio said the buses might have to stop running. There's about six inches of snow down there."

"You characters that live in the suburbs," Henry said, thinking smugly of his town apartment a dozen blocks away. "You people with families out in the woods. All right, take off. The boss would have a fit, but he doesn't need to know about it."

His telephone rang and Henry picked it up and was connected with his employer, Mr. Champion, down in Florida. Henry's nose wriggled; he imagined he could smell the salt air.

"We just got in from our swim," Mr. Champion said. "How's everything, Henry?"

It had been the boss' bright idea when he and his wife took off on a winter vacation to have Henry phone each day and check on the health of their newly born infant. That way Henry could mix business with his report on Junior and put the phone calls down as a business expense.

"Everything is right here at the office," Henry said. "Nothing we need to discuss. The baby's fine. Weighs ten pounds four ounces. Yes, I know he weighed that much yesterday. Maybe she had her thumb on the scale yesterday. I wouldn't worry about it. He's okay, she says. No, she didn't sound like she was hiding anything from me. Got a little rash—"

The phone went temporarily dead. Faintly, Henry could hear Mr. Champion discussing the rash with his wife.

Henry was silent for a moment. Then he spoke thickly. "Why, of course, Mr. Champion, I'm interested in your baby. It's just that it's snowing—I haven't got chains—I haven't even got snow tyres. It's a blizzard—twenty miles to your house. All right, Mr. Champion, I'll do it. Yes, I'll call you from there."

*Please turn to page 24*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS



# A way with Animals

"Hunt that bull away. I don't want to be up here all day," Paul said angrily.

**Be kind to animals is a very fine maxim, but what happens when they in turn become overwhelming with their love and affection? This was Steve's constant problem.**

HAVING "a way with animals" is a trait which most people seem to admire in a man. I've been burdened with it since early youth, and I can tell you that it's just a darned nuisance. What it is I don't know, but there seems to be something about me which attracts our dumb friends like flies to a jam-pot. Some people are like that, and it's just my luck to be one of them. The worst of it is, that once having experienced my fatal charm, the brutes are never satisfied with one allotted portion, but show a marked reluctance to be without my company. Which can be decidedly inconvenient.

I think I first realised this at the age of twelve, when my pet budgerigar pined away and died while I was on a fortnight's holiday. I had always attended to his feeding myself, and it just refused to accept food from anyone else. My family were quite upset about it. "But," they said, "it shows how fond of him Cocker was. He has quite a way with animals." And they gazed at me fondly, as though I'd done something wonderful. I began to get a dim inkling of what my future was to be like—a gloomy vision of myself moving through life leaving a trail of heartbroken beasts of the field and fowls of the air strewn dying in my wake.

Again, when I joined up during the war, my dog died, without apparent reason, within a month of my leaving home. He used to sit by the gate, hours on end, waiting for me to return home from work, and howled his heart out when I didn't come. The neighbors got quite huffy about the noise he made. Then he just fretted and refused his food, and moped about listlessly. When he died the family again pointed to the incident as another instance of my "way with animals."

Part of the war I spent with a Gurkha battalion in India. It was there that I learned that my strange attraction wasn't only confined to domestic animals. The most unpettable of beasts seemed to see in me that same something that their tamer brethren liked.

One of the other fellows in the outfit—called Jimmy—bought a live cobra. His reasons were best known to himself, although

he did mumble something vague about "studying anthropology." Anyway, he installed the brute in a basket in his room, and invited us round to see it. I never did like snakes, and this one struck me as being a particularly hateful specimen. When we were introduced, he merely gave me a dirty look, hissed something unprintable, and retired into his coils.

However, he appeared to remember me. A few nights later I came in from a bit of a spree in a nearby town. As I sat on my bunk to unlace my shoes, I got that spine-tingling, all-is-not-well feeling. With good reason. A brief search revealed a cobra sleeping peacefully under the bunk!

Jimmy, hauled protesting and sleepy-eyed from his bed, surveyed the reptile cautiously. "Dashed if I know," he said finally. "They all look the same to me."

"But yours isn't in its basket," I pointed out.

"Just so," he agreed, "but there's more than one cobra in India."

I shuddered.

"Why you have to keep a cobra is beyond me," I said. "And why, having decided to keep the cobra, you don't keep it in a cage it can't escape from is even more beyond me. This may be your pet, which you claim has had its fangs removed, or it might be a hundred-per-cent, dinky-di, man-eating reptile. Anyway," I concluded, gripping my cane firmly, "I'm going to beat its head in, whoever it belongs to!"

But Jimmy pacified me, and finally towed me away to spend the night on a spare bed in his room. Not that I needed a lot of persuasion—I'm not really keen on tackling cobras, even when they are asleep.

Next morning it was established that the snake in my room was Jimmy's playmate, and therefore comparatively harmless. After that, "Willy," as we called him, became a fairly frequent visitor, making a beeline for my quarters whenever he could escape from his basket. I always did my best to ignore his



By  
MARK DENNIS

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

"Of course we'll have him," put in my aunt. "It'll be nice to bring the poor, motherless little thing up." Uncle Fred winced a bit at that, but knew better than to argue with Aunt Celia.

"That's fine then," said George, quick to seize his advantage. "I'll bring it round to-night."

Within a very few days I found myself saddled with the task of feeding Ferdy, and it wasn't long before the brute was gambolling about like a puppy whenever I went near.

At the end of a week I sought out Uncle Fred, pottering about on his cabbage patch. "When, may I ask," I demanded with suppressed fury, "do we get rid of that animal?"

Uncle Fred looked at me with his grey eyes twinkling, and took another couple of puffs at his pipe before answering. "Just as soon as he's ready for veal," he replied.

"When's that likely to be?"

"Oh, about another month, I reckon. He wouldn't fetch any price at all yet."

"Only another month, eh? Sure it won't be any longer?" I asked anxiously.

"I'll get rid of him as soon as I can," he assured me, and with that I had to be content.

I grew quite nervous as the end of the period drew near, but Uncle Fred was as good as his word, and the first day our "Calf for Sale" notice went up on the front gate we had a buyer. He was a sturdy man in gaiters, who, after careful inspection, announced that Ferdy would "fatten up nice for beef." So, hog-tied and protesting, the calf disappeared down the road in the back of a truck, and a load was lifted from my mind. Not for long though.

Barely a week later, Uncle Fred was digging deep to refund an angry man in gaiters the money he had paid for the calf, and Ferdy was home again.

"Never met a calf the likes of him in my life," declared the dealer, waving his arms. "I'm trying to fatten him for beef, and here he won't eat a thing! He'll starve himself to death before long," he went on, "and I'm not going to lose by it. You can have him back, and I'll have the money."

This event having taken place while I was at work, I naturally knew nothing about it when I arrived home that night. And of course, it had to be the night of nights, when I brought Carole home.

Carole, I should explain, has red-gold hair, violet eyes, and a dream-like figure. She's one of those girls that make a fellow get ideas, goose-pimples, and a soppy look. I'd been getting ideas about Carole soon after she came to our office, and when we'd been out together a few times I asked her up to introduce her to Aunt Celia.

I walked on air as I guided her across the front paddock. She was lovely that night, in a pale green dress which set off her shining hair and creamy skin to perfection. I'd had a few doubts about what Aunt Celia would think of her; now they were all dispelled. I just knew that she wouldn't be able to resist Carole's radiance to-night.

The front paddock is rather dark, and the night

was moonless. Carole clung tightly to my arm as I picked my way across.

Without warning, something struck me in the stomach. I said "oof!" and subsided on to my hands and knees, pulling Carole down with me. From out of the gloom came a joyful bleat of welcome, and I suddenly knew what the strange visitation was.

Carole, with a little squeal, rose to flee, but tripped headlong over Ferdy's rope. Before she could rise again, Ferdy gave her a friendly nudge with his muzzle, and then stepped on her dress and tore it. Blundering around in the dark, I trod heavily on her leg.

Finally, I managed to shove the brute off, and dragged Carole away to where Ferdy's tether wouldn't reach.

It was some time before she became coherent.

"Is this your usual welcome?" she sobbed at last. "I suppose you think it's funny, being savaged by a great big bull!"

"But . . . !"

"Don't speak to me, you—you fiend," she stormed. "You knew the thing was at large—you brought me this way deliberately!"

"No—I—look—"

"Just look at me—I'm covered with mud!" And she was, too. I slipped a quick word in as she paused for breath.

"Come up to the house," I suggested, "and clean up . . ." But she swept the idea aside in a torrent of rage.

"Yes, I suppose you want your precious aunt to have a good laugh too! I suppose you thought of this between you!" She inspected the damage afresh. "You've ruined my stockings, you oaf! And nearly broken my leg, too! I'm going straight home, and don't speak to me again, Steve Thornton!"

When she had gone, I went into the house. My aunt looked up in surprise, but I gave her no time to ask the obvious question. I went straight into the attack.

"How did that darned calf get back here?" I demanded. Uncle Fred told me.

"Well, there's only one thing for it," I said when he had finished. "I'm going to shoot the creature!"

"Why, Steve!" Aunt Celia was shocked. "The dear little thing loves you. You couldn't shoot it!"

"I can and I will," I declared firmly. "I'll buy him off you, Uncle Fred. How much?"

"Good!" began Uncle Fred. "I can't afford to keep the brute anyway, and . . ." Here Aunt Celia sailed majestically into the attack.

"Fred!" she boomed sternly, "you will not be a party to the murder of this helpless creature. I forbid you to sell it to Steve. If he . . ." with a sniff, "has not sufficient decency to appreciate the poor thing's affection, I am sorry for him. But you will not help him in any way!"

To which Uncle Fred, out of patience, retorted, "You're a sentimental old fool, and you can mind your own business!"

That was fighting talk where Aunt Celia came from, and knowing from experience who would win the argument, I slipped out and left them to it.

For nearly a year after that, I saw very little of Carole. She was transferred a few days later, at her own request, to one of our branch offices on the other side of town. I made a few half-hearted attempts to get in touch with her, there, but was firmly rebuffed on each occasion. I couldn't blame her—but neither could I forget her.

And all the time, the cause of the trouble, staunchly championed and protected by Aunt Celia, thrived and grew. When he was nine months old, he discovered that he could snap his tether, and the front hedge was too low to prove a serious obstacle. Consequently, he soon became a familiar sight at nights, looking for me in Moreton South. Residents quickly became accustomed to seeing him wandering forlornly around, and to them he represented nothing more than a lonely and amiable animal seeking companionship. Strangers in the district, however, were apt to run the risk of straining themselves in their anxiety to give him a clear field in which to search.

On one occasion he succeeded in tracking me down in the private bar at the local. As his lusty bellow of greeting rang through the smoky air, many of those present sought sanctuary behind the bar. I'm told that it took much persuasion to coax them out again, even after Ferdy and I had left.

Soon afterwards, Uncle Fred was summoned for "having a bull at large in the public highway." We shared the fine, and after that I decided to stay home at nights whenever possible.

Unfortunately, this gave me too much time for thought—and my thoughts had a habit of turning in only one direction. The plans I made, the dreams I dreamed—only to wake to the bitter realisation that without Carole they were doomed to dissolve into nothing.

Fate, however, apparently decided that I should have another throw of the dice. The opportunity came in the form of an invitation to another Pennyworth tennis party. Mrs. Pennyworth happens to be the leading social light of Moreton South.

Please turn to page 32





Oh!  
Darling  
...they're  
Prestige





# LEGAL BRIDE

By ROBERT CARSON

Concluding our lively, romantic serial of a cowboy film star and demure girl attorney

"You been runnin' round with my little gal," Ben accused Jack, in his best movie style.



ALICE was waiting at the street corner looking furtive and wearing a long, dark veil. When Abigail drove up she bolted into the car so fast that Abigail scarcely had to reduce speed or change gears. Extending a clammy hand, Alice patted her distractedly.

"You brave thing," she said. "This is the worst marital tragedy I ever heard of. You can't save Ben—he's confessed to murdering Kallen. Where are you going?"

"To the Hall of Justice," Abigail said. "A.J., the consequences of this will pursue us to the end of our lives. Why did he do it—the cowboy, I mean? Wait a minute, I've got my veil caught in my teeth!"

"Calm down, for pity's sake," Abigail remonstrated.

She drove fast but carefully, thinking the Castles were in enough trouble without the addition of a traffic ticket.

In the hallway outside the D.A.'s door they were sighted by an untidy fat man who whooped Abigail's name and summoned a small horde of photographers and reporters.

Their entrance into the district attorney's office was a mob scene with Abigail saying "No comment, boys!" and Alice trying to hit the photographers with her purse.

The district attorney received them promptly. He was a grey-haired man who appeared as harried as Alice, and lacked the helpful concealment of a veil. He spoke on an inter-office communicator, requesting the presence of a Mr. Porson.

"I've been wondering where you were, Mrs. Castle," he said. "This is a nasty mess, and it has attracted a tremendous amount of attention in the papers."

"I've been away vacationing in the mountains, and unaware of what happened," Abigail replied, "until Miss Norman, my friend here, telephoned me this morning. I haven't even read a paper. Would you mind giving me the details, sir?"

"I'll let Mr. Porson, the deputy district attorney handling the case, do that for you," the district attorney said.

He went on slowly. "In the meantime I must inform you that your husband has signed a confession, that he's being held without bail, that the coroner's inquest is tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, and that Mr. Porson intends to arraign him for murder immediately afterwards."

"Oh, the poor cowboy!" Alice said. The district attorney glanced at her queerly.

"He has appointed you his counsel, Mrs. Castle," he said. "He has stated that unless you represent him he will conduct his own defence."

"It's incredible!" Abigail said. "From what I know of him, he wouldn't have killed Harry Kallen—he wouldn't have killed anybody. He simply isn't the type. Anyway, he had no motive; he had the money and Kallen would have been perfectly happy to get it."

"From what you know of him?" the district attorney said. "As I understand it, you met your husband only a few days ago. Can you have formed an accurate estimate of him in that length of time?"

"I can and did," Abigail said. "I am absolutely convinced he didn't murder Harry Kallen, whatever circumstances seem to indicate."

The district attorney smiled wintrily. "Then you're off to a good start as defence counsel, Mrs. Castle."

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

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# The Piper in the Park

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH



**H**EAATHER MACDONALD put her violin case on the summer-shed table. The summer-shed was on a hill overlooking the sea. It was a glittering, painted sea under a blue sky, and the waves—what there were of them!—flopped lazily on a white saucer of beach. There wasn't a soul about, only the seagulls pecking in the sand, a solitary magpie in a Norfolk Island pine. Heather savored the air the way a connoisseur might savor wine. Then she drew it into her lungs with gusty satisfaction.

Every day for the past fortnight she had been coming to Seaview Park. She had gone there rebelliously at first, smacking under the lash of injustice; now there was a queer sort of eagerness in her daily pilgrimage. She had been a refugee from the Philistines and the park had given her succor. She had a possessive feeling about it; it was hers—spiritually, at any rate. And she meant to keep it that way.

She took the violin from its case and looked at it fondly. She called it Old Faithful. Her mother had given it to her when she was a kid of eight, and, although its origin was uncertain, its pedigree obscure, it had stood her in good stead ever since. And it certainly wouldn't be the violin's fault if she failed to qualify in the Concerto Festival later in the year.

Adjusting her music, she plucked absentmindedly at one of the strings. A loud banshee wailing scattered the seagulls; even the magpie took fright.

Heather stared at the violin in open-mouthed astonishment. She touched the string again and a deep-organ note, suggesting someone in acute pain, shattered the silence. That someone, so far as she could judge, was in the adjoining section of the summer-house. She poked her head curiously around the partition. A tall red-headed youth sat on the table cradling, with obvious affection, a curious-looking instrument. Heather gave an involuntary shudder. You couldn't have a name like Heather Macdonald and not recognise, at first glance, a Highland bagpipe.

"Hello!" she said.

The red-headed youth looked up, startled. He saw a fair-haired girl with a slightly shiny nose, candid blue eyes, and a stubborn chin. His face widened in a friendly smile. He said, almost apologetically, "Hope I didn't disturb you?"

"Not at all."

"Bagpipes?" he said. Apparently he considered some explanation was necessary.

"So I see."

"Not everyone can appreciate the pipes."

"Indeed!"

The young man swung his legs over the edge of the table and stood up. He was six feet tall, and he had a chest that bulged like a barrel; definitely, Heather decided, the football type. She disliked footballers almost as much as she disliked bagpipes.



***A girl with the name  
of Heather Macdonald  
should know better than  
to scorn a Macarthur***

By  
**L. D. REECE**



"What—what would you prefer?" he asked hopefully. "A reel or a strathspey?"  
Heather shuddered again. She said coldly, "Neither, thank you! I'm too fond of music."

Pain for a moment contorted the young man's face. His shoulders slumped. All the heart had gone out of him. "Oh, I don't blame you," he said disconsolately. "It's the same everywhere. That's why I came down here this afternoon. The lodgers up at the boarding-house object to my playing. They started yelling at me a week ago; then they had a deputation to old Crippen—he's the bloke that runs the show. He came in to see this morning. 'It's no good, Angus,' he said, 'if you play those darn pipes again all the guests are going to walk out. I wouldn't like that, Angus . . .'"

Heather couldn't help herself; she giggled. "It isn't very funny," the young man said gloomily.

"Oh, yes, it is," Heather assured him.

Angus—that was obviously the young man's name—hesitated a long moment, then went on warily: "I'd have felt pretty sore about the whole thing, only Crippen had a brain wave. You can see the park from the boarding-house windows. He said, 'Go down there, Angus, and play to your heart's content. You can blow your confounded head off. It's all yours, boy—go to it!'"

"So—here you are."

Angus looked at the painted sea and the waves that flopped lazily down on the white saucer of beach. He savored the

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air the way a connoisseur might savor wine, and he drew it into his lungs with gusty satisfaction. He said happily, "And, boy, aren't I glad I took his advice. This is the perfect spot—I'm coming here to practise from now on, every afternoon."

Heather's white-hot anger took him by surprise. Her face disappeared behind the partition for the fraction of a second, then she reappeared beside the table almost at his elbow. She stood, arms akimbo, glaring at him.

"No, you're not!"

"Look," said Angus slowly. "I'm a patient man. I'm sorry you don't like the pipes, but let me tell you . . ."

"And I," said Heather, "am a very patient woman. For a fortnight now—every afternoon for almost fourteen days—I've been using the park to practise my violin. It's pleasant here. I like it. And all the bagpipes in the world aren't going to drive me away."

Angus puzzled that one out for a moment. Then his smile broadened. He said, "That's all right, miss, I'll use the summer-house down near the promenade. You can fiddle away up here; I'll blow the pipes down there. You won't bother me, I can assure you."

"I—won't—bother—you!" Heather stared at him incredulously. Then something inside her exploded. "You—your apology to an Irish banshee! Take that suffering animal away!"

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Page 9



# The UNKNOWN DISCIPLE



Leaning forward, Micol recognised the leader of the enemy troop. It was Marcus Adonias, her own son.



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**MARCUS ADONIAS**, banished from Rome to Judaea because of his love affair with a married woman, **VARILIA**, is sent by **PONTIUS PILATUS** as a cavalry officer to wipe out the Jewish Zealot bandits led by **ELEAZAR**.

To his horror, he finds among them his own mother, **MICOL**. Nevertheless, he pushes on with the operations, earning the hatred of the Jewish community. During this time, he meets and is deeply impressed by the new Prophet, **JESUS OF NAZARETH**, who is spreading his teaching among the people.

Meanwhile **Varilia**, also banished from Rome, escapes, but is betrayed into the hands of Eleazar's band and condemned by him and Micol. Now read on:

By  
**FRANCESCO  
PERRI**

Illustrated by **BOOTHROYD**

sulted, the others had to decide for themselves. That woman's body was a nuisance, it must be disposed of somehow.

It remained for Barabbas, who attended the conclave, to devise a solution that was accepted with enthusiasm by all.

"Let us," he said, "tie her on the back of her horse, fix a label round the animal's neck addressed to the son of Gratus, and start it off on the road to Tiberias. It might even get as far as Jerusalem!"

So it was arranged. They fetched **Varilia's** horse, and tied the sagging, helpless body face downwards along its back. Around the animal's neck they hung a flat wooden tablet on which was inscribed with the point of a red-hot spit the direction: "For Marcus Adonias."

Barabbas, not daring to be found in the vicinity of **Arbela**, volunteered to lead the horse himself down the track to the main **Tiberias** road. Once there the animal would follow that road without any doubt.

Two-thirds of the descent had been negotiated without any incident other than an occasional stifled moan from the inert body behind him, when violent thunder rent the air, throwing the horse into a panic. It plunged, broke away from **Barabbas**, and tore on downhill.

Just before that, at a deserted spot between **Magdala** and **Tiberias**, **Jesus** stepped on shore from the fishing boat in which he had been sleeping with his disciples. He walked towards a little nearby mound and sat down on a rock to pray.

**O**N the evening of the day that had seen **Varilia's** condemnation, a weary and dishevelled man staggered into the village of **Tiberias**. It was **Marcus's** faithful slave, **Simon**.

Struck senseless by a blow on the head from a bandit's cudgel, he had lain in the roadway where he fell, and in the confusion of the attack, the assailants, thinking he was dead, took no more notice of him.

But some hours later he recovered consciousness. His first thought was to find and inform his master of what had happened. He must go direct to **Marcus**.

The following day, wearily travelling the Roman road to **Jerusalem**, he saw ahead of him a cloud of dust that indicated the approach of a body of horsemen.

As they drew nearer he saw it was a small troop of cavalry. At their head rode an officer. It was **Marcus**.

The bestial orgy that had begun the previous morning, immediately after **Varilia's** condemnation by **Micol**, lasted all that day and far into the following night. As though possessed by a demoniac intoxication of hate and lust, **Eleazar's** men took a horrible advantage of their opportunity.

Again and again **Varilia** saw appear at the mouth of the cave another of these vile creatures, rabid

with drink and dancing. Then the hopeless struggle began again and the degrading profanation was repeated.

Towards midnight the last of the intruders found only an inert body, in which little sign of life remained. So they wrapped her in a sheepskin taken from the heap on which she lay unconscious and carried her out into the open air. Looking at her then, they were at a loss what to do with the evidence of their vengeance.

Someone went searching for **Micol**,

## PART FIVE

but **Micol** was not to be seen. Having given vent to all the violence of her hatred, she had fled to one of the most distant caves to weep.

The woman and the mother in her had at last prevailed over the fanatical militant of **Jahve**, and she had shed tears all that day for the poor tortured flesh of her prisoner, for herself, and for her son.

She thought of the suffering that awaited **Adonias** when he should learn what had befallen the woman he loved so much and who had come all that long way to the Orient to rejoin him. Amid her sobs she lamented over and over again: "**Adonias**, my son, my son!"

Since **Micol** could not be con-

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and every day  
of the year!

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if you give her a gown of finely  
tailored Jeldi Chenille.  
Nothing's more calculated  
to pamper her love of luxury,  
for Jeldi is the chenille of  
truly velvety texture, of  
rare and radiant colours.  
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and sizes for everyone  
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list (from 6 years  
up) at your nearest  
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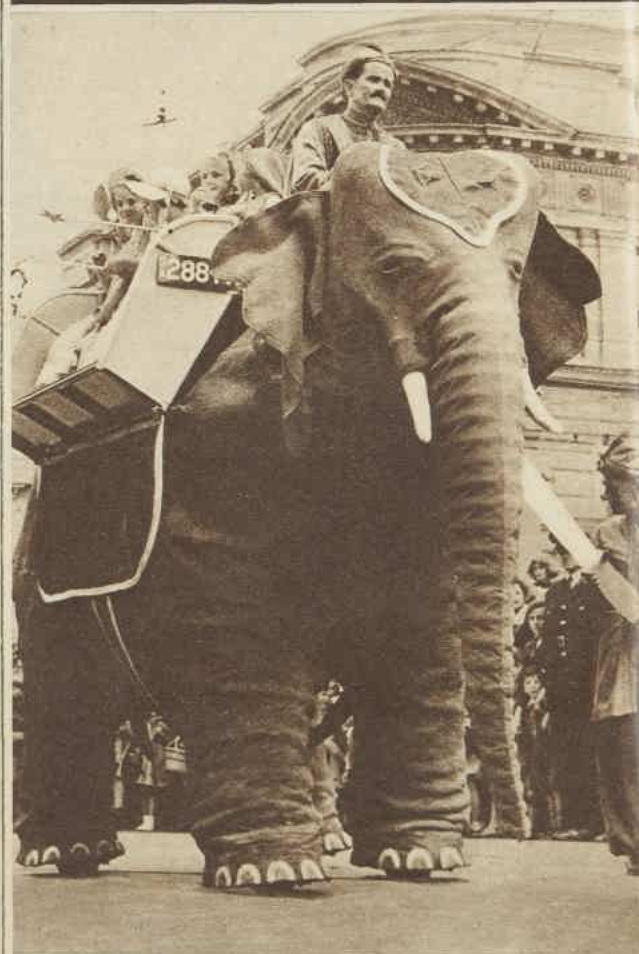
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JC.11.31



GIANT-SIZED wooden figure of Donald Duck riding a tricycle with carrier full of balloons raised shouts of laughter from spectators.

## Christmas pageant.



NELLIE THE ELEPHANT, with a motor engine inside her tin, grey felt hide, was imported from England for pageant. She has a speed varying from three to 15 m.p.h., can walk up hills. Nellie is registered at Traffic Department as an "eight-wheeled vehicle, type elephant."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 9, 1950





WHITE-CLAD "chefs" stirring a huge bowl of Christmas "pudding" were drawn along by eight assistant "chefs" on a float that had plenty of gay carnival atmosphere.

## .. a storybook come to life

● A spectacular nursery-rhyme and fairy-tale pageant ushers in the Christmas season in Adelaide each year.

THE pageant is staged on a Saturday morning by one of Adelaide's oldest stores, John Martins, of Rundle Street.

All businesses in the city do a roaring trade except Martins, who close for the day. Their name does not appear anywhere in the procession.

About 1000 of the firm's employees man the

storybook floats or parade the streets in character costumes.

This year about 300,000 people, many of whom came from distant parts of the country, packed Adelaide streets to see the show.

There were 10 spectacular floats, and clowns, gipsies, nigger boys, pages with silver trumpets—everything that brings magic into children's lives.



DAPPLED-GREY wooden horse Nimble always has a place of honor in the procession. Almost everyone in South Australia knows Nimble.



THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE (above) sat outside her house while children played near the fence.

ANTHONY ROLEY (below), the frog who would a-wooing go, was attended by four "Frenchmen" in smocks and berets.



OLD KING COLE (above) was a merry old soul in medieval costume as his fiddlers three played on the palace steps.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (below), with their house set among trees, delighted the small children.



GOLDEN BELLE, THE PIRATE SHIP (above), sailed through the streets with full crew of cut-throats aboard.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE float (below) had a huge pie. Blackbirds were girls in black jackets, yellow trousers.







Plain Sailing

CRISP, COOL AND DURABLE

as only good cotton can be, Cesarine provides the whole family with smart casuals, to stand all the rough and tumble of holidays. Tub and boil it as you will, Cesarine stays crisp and colour fast—and keeps its fit to the last.

CESARISED-SHRUNK

**Cesarine**

"THE WONDER CLOTH"

A CAESAR  FABRIC

64 colours  
to choose from



## Five couples compete for glamor trip abroad



WESTERN AUSTRALIAN finalists in the Mr. and Mrs. Australia contest, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Howard, with Cherry-Anne, Zoe, and Toni. Mr. Howard, who served in the Ninth Division during the war, is secretary to a big music warehouse in Perth.



SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Mr. and Mrs. Len Toyne, of Unley, with their sons John (left) and George, and the boys' brown cocker spaniel, Rusty. Mr. Toyne is Adelaide representative of an engineering firm.

### Nationwide radio contest will pick Mr. and Mrs. Australia

Five married couples representing five States will compete in Sydney this week for the title of Mr. and Mrs. Australia, the prize for which is a trip to Britain.

They are finalists in a radio contest to discover the typical Australian married couple. The winners will be chosen on Saturday night, December 9, and will leave by plane 10 days later for England.

THE prize includes complete travel wardrobes, all expenses on the tour, the husband's salary to be made up during his leave of absence, and a car which will be delivered to the couple in England.

The contest, conducted on the Aspro Show, has caused a flutter in many Australian homes for the past eight months.

The judges in the State finals considered general knowledge, ease of manner, intelligence, and appearance. Competing couples were asked questions such as:

What, in your opinion, has been the greatest development Australia has made in the past 10 years?

If, as Mr. and Mrs. Australia, you were asked in England how Australians reacted to New Australians, what would be your reply?

Describe the pleasures, problems, and average way of life in your friends' and your own income group.

Each week eight wives appeared on a daytime show. They were chosen on the basis of written entries.

The compere, John Hansberry, interviewed them before a judging panel of four women from the audience. These judges selected three women to appear with their husbands in a Saturday night show.

#### Chose own prizes

COUPLES selected as heat winners from the Saturday night shows later competed in a series of semi-finals and finals until one couple from each State was selected.

Heat winners were allowed to nominate their own prizes within prescribed limits. For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Howard, later chosen to represent Western Australia, asked for a musical education for two of their daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo de Lange, the Queensland finalists, asked for an electric sewing machine. Mr. and Mrs. Len Toyne, South Australia, wanted a donation to the Crippled Children's Home at Somerton, S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Rod Laphorne, Victoria, a donation to the Methodist Babies' Home. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Welch, N.S.W., chose two years' education for their elder daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard were both in the Services during the war.

Mrs. Howard served as a V.A. at the 118th Australian General Hospital, Northam, W.A. She was first married at 19 to a Mosquito fighter pilot, Flight-Lieutenant Tony Warren, whose plane was lost in New South Wales in April, 1945. At the time she was expecting her second daughter, Toni.

Shortly after Toni was born, the plane was found wrecked and its occupants dead.

Mrs. Warren had to enter hospital to recover from the shock of her husband's death.

Then Captain Howard, whom she had known in her teens, returned from service in the Middle East with the Ninth Division. He visited her in hospital and they began to renew their friendship. They were married in July, 1947.

Keith Howard legally adopted his wife's two young daughters, Cherry-Anne and Toni. They now have another daughter, Zoe, who is one year old.

Keith Howard is secretary to Wyper Howard Ltd., a large music warehouse of which his father is managing director.

Mr. and Mrs. Rod Laphorne, of Mt. Waverley, Melbourne, have been married four years, have a two-year-old daughter Claire.

Rod Laphorne is chief checking pilot with Australian National Airways. He was decorated while in the R.A.A.F., served in a Marauder squadron in the Middle East.

He and Mrs. Laphorne are both children of Methodist ministers. They met at a gathering to raise funds for the Methodist Babies' Home.

Margaret went home from the meeting and told her mother: "I've met the man I'd like to marry."

"And what hope did I have?" asked Rod. "Even before we were engaged Margaret spotted some ivory and amber candlesticks I'd brought back from abroad. She decided it would be nice to furnish a living-room round them. And, by jove, she has!"

Mr. Len Toyne, South Australia, is representative of an engineering firm in Adelaide. He and his wife moved there some months ago from Melbourne.

The Toynes met when Len was an infantry instructor at Bendigo during the war. His wife was a member of the A.A.M.W.S., in a dental clinic in the same town.

Six weeks after they met Len Toyne was sent to the islands. They were married 23 months later.

Len Toyne is a keen footballer. He was formerly captain and coach of the Football Association, Sandringham, Victoria, is now captain of the Sturt Football Club, Adelaide.

The Toynes have two sons, George, four, and John, two.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo de Lange live at Wynnum, a seaside suburb of Brisbane. They have two children, Robert, four, and Lynn, two.

Mr. de Lange is a member of the C.I.B. staff in Brisbane. He makes furniture as a hobby.

Mrs. de Lange was formerly Joyce Schank, of Toogoolawah, Queensland. She is an excellent cook, often competed before her marriage in cookery sections at the shows in her district.

If Mr. and Mrs. Francis Welch, New South Wales, won the contest, Mr. Welch would know precisely what luggage to take with them. He is buyer in the travel goods department of David Jones Ltd., Sydney.

He served three and half years in the Army.

The Welches live at Naremburn, a suburb of Sydney. They have been married 11 years, have two daughters, Anne, 10, and Sheridan, three.

Mrs. Welch used to be a stenographer. She is skilled at sewing and knitting, makes most of the children's clothes.



VICTORIA: Mr. and Mrs. Rod Laphorne with their two-year-old daughter Claire. They live at Mt. Waverley, a new Melbourne suburb. Mr. Laphorne is chief checking pilot of Australian National Airways.



QUEENSLAND: Mr. and Mrs. Leo de Lange with their children, Robert and Lynn. Mr. de Lange is a member of the C.I.B. staff in Brisbane.



NEW SOUTH WALES: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Welch with daughters Anne (10) and Sheridan (3). Mr. Welch is a buyer in a Sydney store.



*Courting success with complete loveliness*

... FOR ALL DAY AND ALL EVENING  
FRESHNESS REVEL IN A SHOWER OF...

### JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

*The softest, silkiest powder ever made*

The secret of all day and all evening loveliness ... of being fresh and vital on every occasion is a dusting all over with fragrant Johnson's Baby Powder. After bath or shower you'll find this softest, silkiest of powders will add a touch of luxury ... will keep your skin soft and smooth ... will ensure your personal freshness all the time.

**Johnson's  
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*"Best for Baby  
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#### **MEN like Johnson's too!**



Johnson's Baby Powder is the powder most men choose to stop chafes and irritations. In locker and shower rooms everywhere you'll find Johnson's is always the popular choice.





# Home Contest judges tackle enormous task

Experts need two months to give all entries close examination

Our £4000 Plan-A-Home Contest has been such a huge success that the judges estimate they will need two months to decide the winner.

Many thousands of plans have been received, and a panel of experts is minutely examining every one.

THE judges are Mr. Samuel Lipson, architect, Mr. R. Coughlan, senior valuer of the Sydney office of the Commonwealth Bank, and Mrs. Eve Gye, editor of our homemaking department.

Australia-wide interest has been aroused in the contest, and we have received entries from New Zealand, Fiji, and New Guinea.

In letters which accompanied plans we found the reflections of many dreams, and simple sentences often revealed a lifetime of hard work and difficulties.

We have made a selection at random, and publish extracts below.

One family, of husband and wife and two children, share one room in a residential.

The parents were not able to prepare their plan at night because the light would have kept the children awake.

They gave these details because "you will see what it would mean to us to have a real home."

Though many husbands and wives worked on their plans together, this was not always the case. One woman wrote:

"Not a soul has seen my entry, nor has anyone helped me, not even my husband. He thinks that I have been writing a story—a habit he views with amused tolerance."

"Thank you for holding the contest. I have enjoyed preparing my entry—it was a mental exercise."

A country woman in New South Wales tells a story that could be duplicated many times in the experiences of other women:

"I live in the country, where my husband owns and works a farming and grazing property in conjunction with his brothers and sisters."

"When we were married 22 years ago we made our home in a small cottage on the property. This provided adequate shelter and little else, but—we would build some time."

"In the years following our family of four arrived, the depression came and went, we needed a car, a tractor, new stud stock; then the children's education—they had to live out to attend high school."

"We are still in the same house. We have added conveniences where and when possible, with much con-

triving and at high cost, for lack of original planning."

"Through the years of making do I have thought a lot, read a lot, and, yes, dreamed a lot about homes."

From Tennant Creek, Northern Territory, Mrs. W. G. Maclean writes:

"Whether we are successful or not, we would like to express our appreciation to your paper for our widened sphere of interest in house-planning and decorations, previously to us an unknown field of interest, having lived all our married lives in the remote areas."

"I was brickmaker's and bricklayer's and carpenter's labourer and maid-of-all-work when my husband and I built our adobe home the summer before last, so am fairly well acquainted with building materials and their uses," wrote another competitor.

## Family interest

NEW Australians from European countries also entered the contest, often writing admirable English in their descriptions of neat plans, and giving particulars of long years spent in D.P. camps.

One, struggling with a new language, described herself for the display of small attractive "antics."

Mr. D. K. Gray, of Unley, South Australia, told us under the heading of generalities:

"The Australian Women's Weekly Plan-A-Home Competition is unique in Australia, and those responsible for its conception and fruition are to be congratulated."

"The response from the home-conscious public will, of course, be terrific, judging from our own household here, which has all but been disrupted each night for the past two weeks."

Mrs. H. May, of Padstow, N.S.W., blasted any self-complacency that flattering letters evoked.

Here are a couple of salvoes:

"A 50ft. frontage is NOT sufficient for any house of 14 squares to have airy rooms—and I am not interested in overhearing neighbors' affairs, smelling their menus, or listening to their young fry getting a wallowing or needing one."

"... In my humble opinion any home should be built at least 40ft. from the sidewalk with a full 50ft. between home buildings."

Mrs. May added that she was suffering from influenza, so we are tempted to hope that her isolationist policy was the result of that depressing ailment.

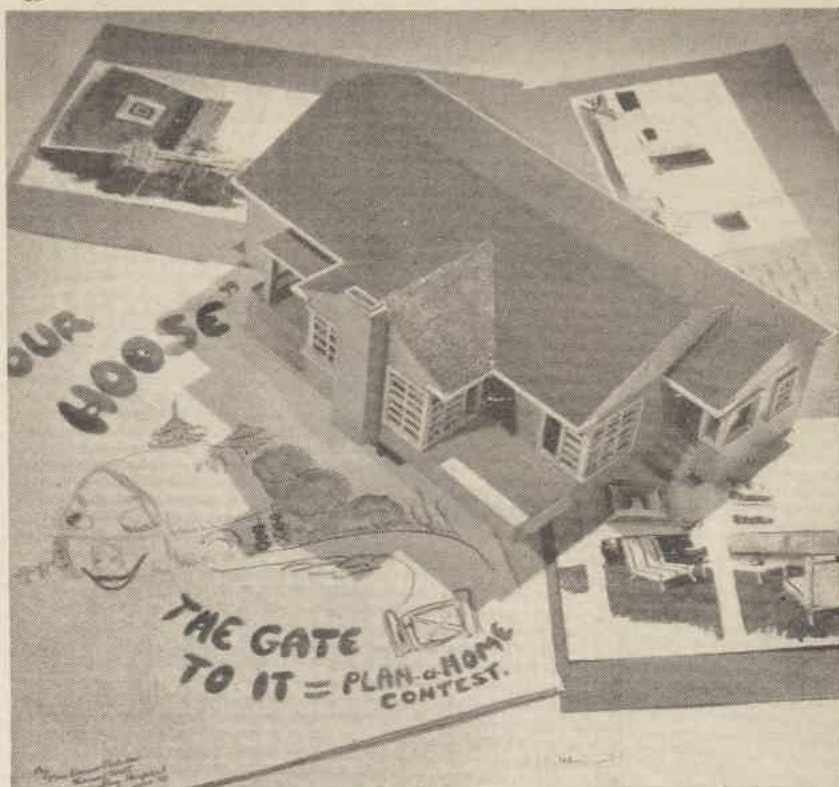
Mrs. M. Bailey, of South Perth, writes:

"Putting our ideas down in black and white has involved many drawings before we felt satisfied. Many discussions occurred and actual measurements were taken before we finished arguments between ourselves."

"My husband and myself have shared in the construction... and the children have watched with interest."

"After living in rented homes of various types we will know many things to avoid and many things to include or improve upon, when and if we do get a chance to build."

"I... know that house so well now that I'm sure if I were blindfolded and set in the built edifice I would be able to pace out every



room and know every nook and cranny."

From Mackay, Queensland, Mr. James L. Hogan writes:

"I started off... with the conception that the contest would provide half an hour of amusing pastime, and now I am forced to admit that you hit upon an ingenious idea of enticing people into several hours, perhaps days, of intensive mental labor. It must be gratifying for you to know that you kept so many thousands in useful employment for such a period."

"The merits or defects of my effort now seem to be only secondary to the knowledge I have gained during the hours that I contemplated a solution to the problem."

A new Australian, Mr. L. W. Pawsey, of Camberwell, Victoria, does not agree with the pre-occupation of Australians with sun-rooms. He says:

"As a new Australian I find I cannot agree with the average Victorian's attitude to the climate of Victoria as expressed so often in the design of their houses."

"Since I have found little difference in the climate of Melbourne from that of my native home in Devonshire... I have conformed to the conventional trend..."

Scores of letters containing second thoughts and last-minute additions have been received. Most of these concerned details that would not be vital to success.

One urgent wire asked that cream blinds be placed at all windows.

From Mrs. K. M. Jones, Naracoorte, S.A., came the lament:

"I'm sorry my plan is so neat the deadline, but our local stationer sold out of large sheets of drawing paper in the early stages of the competition, and I had to wait for fresh supplies. Everyone must be sending in entries."

"Consequently I've been burning the midnight oil, after milking the cows, to get my entry finished."

"Now there's a rail strike, so maybe it will be too late after all, but here's hoping."

That midnight oil was not burned in vain. Mrs. Jones' entry arrived in time to be included.

SKETCHES OF THE ROOMS as she planned them accompanied the entry of Mrs. Ruth Smith, of Fullarton, South Australia. Photographed with it is a model made by Mr. Francis N. Unsworth, of Greenwich, New South Wales. Several competitors sent model houses, but such models will not give the senders any advantage over other competitors.



LAST TWO BAGS of mail being dragged along a corridor to the room for opening. Boys smile as long job is finished. Record mails were received throughout the contest.



ARMFUL of plans is carried by Pat Cox, a member of our staff who has been helping to open and record entries in our Plan-A-Home Contest.



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The gift that will please those you love not only today - but always.

No gift will bring so much pleasure to those you love than a Tissot Swiss Watch. Always accurate, forever beautiful, Tissot Watches combine almost a century of traditional craftsmanship with the finest research and engineering skill available in the world today. It is no wonder that professional watchmakers the world over recommend the Tissot.

**Tissot**  
SWISS WATCHES

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Make these dainty accessories for yourself from Coats' Crochet Folders.

These gloves, that handbag, the edging round the handkerchief... they're all yours. You made them and you'll be pleased to wear them. Be smart this summer: crochet your own personal accessories from these folders. Available from all good needlework shops.

Gloves: No. 325. Bag: No. 268. Handkerchief Edgings: No. 295. SEND FOR THESE FOLDERS AND CATALOGUE

Write your name and address, together with the numbers of the folders desired, on a sheet of paper, enclose 6d. in stamps for each folder and 11d. for postage, or 11d. for illustrated catalogue of the many available designs, and send to:-

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**COATS Mercer-Crochet**

## BOOK REVIEW

by AINSLIE BAKER

Here is a book for those who are married, about to be married, or even vaguely contemplating what author Ruth McKenney declares to be that sometimes delicious, sometimes harrowing, state.

In her first book, "My Sister Eileen," Ruth McKenney told the hilarious story of her own and her sister Eileen's bachelor days in a New York basement apartment.

"LOVE STORY" opens in 1937 with Ruth McKenney living on top of a mountain in Connecticut in a 17-room clapboard castle—"very neo-Gothic, but no plumbing, no electric light, no other niceties."

Living with Ruth were her sister Eileen, just about to divorce her first husband, and Eileen's six-month-old son, John, and his nurse.

Ruth McKenney kept the household going by writing funny stories for the "New Yorker" magazine. In between times she worked on a book approved by her social conscience—a serious survey of the United Rubber Workers of America.

"My sturdy associates in the labor movement—poets, subway conductors, union organisers, and other big eaters—came up to the castle on week-ends in droves, and, while making cruel havoc of the Saturday night corned beef hash, denounced the trivial, bourgeois bits of fluff I composed for the decadent middle-classes," Miss McKenney writes of this period.

"I felt humiliated, betraying my exploited rubber workers, but what could I do? Diaper service does not come free in this wicked world, and the 'New Yorker' paid cash on acceptance, a stuffy, middle-class practice unknown in left-wing circles."

Among those who came one week-end was a Mr. Mike Lyman, one of the editors of the left-wing periodical "New Masses," who was writing a book about labor leaders in the United States.

"There are worse reasons for marriage than delirium," says Miss McKenney, who married Mr. Lyman 12 days after their first meeting and eight days before he was due to leave for Europe, where he had a contract with his publisher to write a book on the Spanish War.

"Love has lasted Mike and me 12 years, and we expect it to last another 60," she adds confidently.

The first 12 years of marriage might not sound very promising material for a full-length book. But the McKenney-Lyman marriage is anything but ordinary.

Life for the Lyman was never humdrum. From the beginning Ruth decided that what was required was glamor. In the early days of their marriage she supplied this by getting into a blue velvet and satin housecoat, a white organdie apron, applying Chanel No. 5 to her ears, and taking Mike an exotic breakfast in bed each Sunday morning.

It wasn't until many months had passed that she discovered Mike hated breakfast in bed; wanted only a cup of coffee, and to be happy on Sunday mornings required only the chance to sit in a chair and read the "Times."

Eileen, gay as a butterfly, irresistible, beautiful, breathing pungent comments that only make her besotted suitors love her more dearly, flits through the pages until she and her second husband, writer Nathaniel West, are killed in a car smash in 1940.

Eileen was 27, had been married



to Nathaniel West for seven months when she died.

After Eileen's death Ruth and Mike Lyman adopted her four-year-old son, John. Little more than a year later Mike Lyman's son by a former marriage, Jim, aged 12, "voted to join the family."

When Miss McKenney-Mrs. Lyman called up her grandma with the glad news that it was going to be a girl and that they were going to call it Eileen, grandma suggested that it might be as well to pick out a few boys' names too.

Miss McK-Mrs. L. reassured her. It was all arranged. It was, too. Eileen was born two weeks before Christmas, 1942.

The Lyman now found themselves with three children, all related, but none with the same mother and father.

"Aw, she's not your mother either," Jim would yell. To which Johnny would deliver the retort: "You're not even adopted! You're just a stepson! I got CHOSEN! You're just ORDINARY."

After the war the five Lyman went to live in Europe. Mike became a publisher and Ruth continued her writing career.

"Love Story" is published by Rupert Hart-Davis, London. Our copy from Craftsman Bookshop.

"GEORDIE," by David Walker, is as Scottish as broth (or whisky), dour as porridge, and as funny as the late Harry Lauder.

Those wi' a drop o' Scots blood will enjoy it. But it will also appeal to people who would like to live in a happy world where things turn out for the best.

The story tells of a Highland lad, 14-year-old wee Geordie MacTaggart, who is unhappy because of his lack of height and his carrotty hair.

After a course of body-building (The Henry Samson Way) and some instruction in shot putting, wee Geordie becomes a copper-haired giant, weighing 20 stone, and measuring six feet five.

You could say that Geordie isn't very brilliant mentally, that he's a hulking country boy who would like to stick fast in his glen and settle down young. But he's wise enough to know what he wants from life.

That is his strength and his simplicity.

These qualities have been preserved in the strong, simple writing of David Walker, who evokes laughter that is kind and never mocking. —H.F.

## NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

A thrilling new mystery serial, "The Dark Bureau," by Ernest Dudley, begins in our next issue.

WITH an up-to-the-minute scientific slant, this story marks a new trend in thriller fiction.

Algy Dark, head of a special investigation branch known as the Dark Bureau, eagerly welcomes a proposal to combat a crime wave by a novelty tele-

## Editorial

DECEMBER 9, 1950

## NEW DEAL FOR MOTHERS

TO mothers, the hectic and enervating round of Christmas shopping, which is already upon them, heralds increased obligations and worry.

Christmas means relaxation for father and fun for the children.

But mother goes on doing the same dreary jobs in greater number, harassed by the additional burden of children home from school.

She accepts her tasks cheerfully enough, buoyed up with the knowledge that without her painstaking and loving labors the great festival of Christmas would vanish from the calendar. But the extra work may well cause her to consider wryly her year-round working conditions.

In this mechanical age it is no longer true that a man's work is from sun to sun. But the complementary aphorism that a woman's work is never done remains as valid as ever.

What the mechanical age has brought mother in vacuum cleaners and other devices, she has lost in the passing of cheap domestic assistance and the service that trades people gave in a more leisurely period.

There are two ways in which men can bring about an improvement in their wives' conditions, corresponding to their own.

One is to do their utmost at work, whether employer or employee, to increase production. This would reduce prices and put a larger range of domestic appliances within reach of women.

The other way is to devote some of their increased leisure to domestic chores—not as a mere help or kindness, but as a regular responsibility.

vision feature. The new session, brilliantly launched, shows high promise. But it also brings all its participants hard up against a ruthless, widespread criminal organisation.

Thereafter the story moves rapidly on with suspense and excitement at high tension until the climax is reached.



HAZEL



BUTCH



"He's out for a duck!"

## It seems to me....

**S**URELY the American professor who is planning a course on how to develop a sense of humor doesn't expect a large attendance at his classes?

He is Professor W. E. Moore, of the University of Florida, where, it is reported, the course will count towards an Arts degree.

He must be an optimistic fellow. Where does he expect to find students ready to admit that their sense of humor needs developing?

It is well known that a man will more readily admit homicidal tendencies than lack of a sense of humor. A woman would rather be called plain than humorless—well, almost.

It is also well known that the people whose humor seems deficient to others are those who lay greatest claim to it. "Thank heaven," they say gloomily, having given you a long and gruesome account of their troubles, "I have a sense of humor."

Since it is possible to sell anything, even university courses, we can look forward dimly to the time when such people will say, "Thank heavens I have my Diploma in Humor."

**A** SCIENTIST said in New York the other day that artificial rain-making would become a political football, that in future politicians may charge each other with mis-managing the weather.

That is something I've been morbidly prophesying ever since the first batch of dry ice was shot into cumulus.

Once the process of making artificial rain is really mastered, scientists will probably turn their attention to stopping real rain.

The time may come when all weather will be controlled. And boy, will the growing start then! It will be useless to remind anyone that nature once made a fair mess of weather herself, never pleasing all the people all the time.

Governments handling weather control would be wise to set up a board, chosen by all parties, and working in strictest secrecy.

Members of this board would need to be chosen not only for their scientific and agricultural knowledge, but for their imperviousness to criticism. They would have to be the sort of people who do not care whether they are called fools or knaves.

And I think it would be only kind to provide them with bullet-proof cars.

**A** SURVEY of carving habits in the United States (whatever will they think of to survey next?) reveals that only 40 per cent. of men carve the family joint.

That figure would probably be accurate for Australia too. In fact, the percentage of husbands who carve might come a little lower.

One of the men who organised the survey states the decline of carving by men proves that women are becoming the dominant figures in the household.

I doubt it proves anything of the sort. I've known some very mild men who were excellent carvers and some much stronger-minded types who disclaimed any knowledge of the art.

But as a piece of propaganda to get the job back into a husband's hands it's first class and wise housewives will make full use of it.

Unless, of course, the price of meat continues to rise until joints become obsolete.

By



Dorothy Drain

**I**t is only natural that next year's Jubilee Celebrations will cover a wide variety of activities to appeal to all tastes. With athletics, music, and pageants, there should be something for everyone.

Nevertheless I was surprised at first at the announcement that the governors of seven overseas central banks would visit Australia for the Jubilee Celebrations.

With the Governor of the Commonwealth Bank (Dr. H. G. Coombs) they'll hold the first international banking conference in Australia.

I suppose there's nothing like a banking conference to give a really solid, respectable air to celebrations, though it doesn't, I confess, fill me with a sense of gaiety.

Possibly the bankers aren't intended to be part of the junketings, but merely to enjoy them.

What would given the proceedings no end would be to include the bankers in one of the processions, letting them scatter hard currency to the cheering crowds.

**T**HE statement that Sir William Hildred, chief of the International Air Transport Association, made in Montreal echoed round the world.

A traveller who found a customs official too troublesome, said Sir William, should "poke the silly bureaucrat firmly on the nose."

Possibly Sir William didn't mean his advice to be taken literally. Besides landing the traveller in gaol—so inconvenient on a world tour—such action should be aimed not at the fellow who interprets the regulations, but those who frame them.

I once knew a much-travelled woman who said that she never had any trouble with customs because whenever she was asked any inconvenient questions she burst into tears.

In this way, she claimed, she had got by many a frontier with oddments which, while not putting her in the smuggling bracket, might have cost her a few shillings duty.

I have only her word for it and have never experimented with the method myself. But it seems safer and kinder than using violence.

**A** TEACHER at the London County Council's evening institute says that "doodling" on Elizabethan documents, combined with lines in some of Shakespeare's plays, provide evidence that Shakespeare was an under-cover agent in Italy during the 16th century.

Shakespeare at breakfast in Elysium.

His morning paper teapot-propped, exclaims:

"A plague upon them and their burrowings!

How little thought I in my careless youth—

Bury with scripts, rehearsals; pacifying those

Who thought their parts too scanty or their pay—

That countless generations would dissect

My lines: make copious notes, and find so much

That frankly to my mind had not occurred.

And still they're at it, still not satisfied

With having called me Bacon, call me spy!

Such fates are ours who to Parnassus climb,

But, sir, pray tell me where I got the time?"

Save energy  
and money, too  
WITH

**KIWI  
GLINT**

### THE MULTI-PURPOSE CLEANER

Save money in your household budget by using Kiwi Glint — the newest and most efficient cleaner possible, removing the necessity of purchasing separate types of cleaning polishes, pastes, powders or compounds.

**Economical To Use:** Costs only 2/6 a tin (slightly higher in some country areas). And you use it sparingly for best results.

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**NAVAL WEDDING.** Officers from H.M.A.S. Australia formed a guard-of-honor for Communications Officer Arthur Shipley, R.A.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shipley, of Preston, Melbourne, and his bride, formerly Marjorie Rushton, younger daughter of the Fred Rushtons, of Brighton-le-Sands, at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Couple have home at Vaucluse.



**CONSULAR PARTY.** Mrs. Donald Smith, wife of U.S. Consul-General, greets Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Oxley, who were among the 300 guests at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Smith at their home at Darling Point on Thanksgiving Day.



**COMING-OF-AGE PARTY.** Patricia Reed (left), John Hehir, and Margaret Crossin sit out a dance at Patricia's 21st birthday party, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Reed, Woollahra, at Pickwick Club.

## Intimate Gossipings

**CHAT** with Mrs. A. O. Romano, who is just back from America and Europe, and hear interesting news of her daughter Lori (Mrs. Fred Collins), whose baby daughter Karina was born in the same room in the Villa Margherita, the Rome clinic where Ingrid Bergman had her son.

Mrs. Romano, with her husband and her son Renzo, was in Rome for the birth of her first grandchild, born on October 10.

"My daughter had no idea that the Villa Margherita was so famous when she engaged a room there," Mrs. Romano said. "She got a surprise when she heard from the matron that she was occupying the very bed that Ingrid Bergman had had."

Lori and her husband, Fred Collins, who is an administrator of the Rockefeller Foundation's anti-malaria programme in Sardinia, have returned to their home in Cagliari, the Sardinian capital.

Lori, who has not been home since she left Sydney three years ago on what was to be a "short visit" to Italy, is planning a trip to Sydney with her husband and daughter in February.

**NEWLYWEDS** Frank and Pat O'Neill, who were married in Monaco in October, arrived in Australia in the Corinthic for visit to Frank's parents in Manly.

Couple have been honeymooning in England. They flew from Perth after ship berthed at Fremantle.

Frank and Pat plan a summer taking in the Manly surf and I hear on the gossip front that they'll settle later on in South Africa.

Pat was formerly the Hon. Patricia Cavendish, daughter of the Countess of Kenmare, who was Enid Lindeman, of Sydney.

**SYDNEY** will have two more hiking enthusiasts when Dr. Peter Walton and his fiancée, Dorothea Dow, arrive here early next year to be married.

Peter's mother, Mrs. Frank Walton, of Wollstonecraft, told me that during a hike through Wales recently villagers were interested when couple unpacked their haversack and "boiled a good old Australian billy."

Dorothea's parents, Sir Hugh and Lady Dow, came over from Jerusalem, where Sir Hugh is British Consul-General, to meet their future son-in-law, and now that they have returned, he is knuckling down to some study for his M.R.C.P. exams this month.



**BIRTHDAY PARTY.** Buttercup chiffon frock is worn by Jane Waite (left) when she chats with Ward Booth and Sue Playfair, two of the 70 guests at her 21st birthday party in the Gloucester Room of Australia Hotel.



**FROM HOLLYWOOD.** Glamorous film star Maureen O'Hara, who is in Australia to star in the film "Kangaroo," chats to the chairman of the Motion Picture Distributors' Association, Neil Ackland, and his wife, Jean, at the party given Maureen by the Association at Gleneagles.



**GREY WEDDING GOWN.** Pearl-grey wedding gown worn by Mrs. John Crawford, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King, of Gordon, who signs the register at St. John's, Gordon, with her husband. He is the younger son of Mrs. Crawford, of St. Andrews, Scotland, who attended the wedding.



**TASMANIAN HONEYMOON.** Dennis Clifford, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford, of Vaucluse, formerly of London, and his bride, who was Judy Alexander, only daughter of the Cecil Alexanders, of Bellevue Hill, after their marriage at the Great Synagogue, Elizabeth Street. Couple flew to Tasmania for three weeks at West Point.



**THANKSGIVING FETE.** Sonia Lester (left) and Ann McGrath try their luck at the Thanksgiving Day fete at newly opened Rosary Villa Hostel, at Darling Point, where sisters of Saint Joseph of California baked American cookies for sale.



Picture of contentment...



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ON EVERY GARMENT... IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF STYLE-RIGHT SPORTSWEAR



SHE LIKES HIS STYLE

so she's made it her own—in Casben shorts designed by stylist Ackerman especially for women! Ask to see them in the women's sports section of your favourite store!



FOR ABLE SEAMEN

Casben "Swim 'N Play" Swim Shorts in exclusive new iridescent fabric! Boxer top or belted styles, featuring special Sealy Waterproof Wallet with new unbreakable clip.

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CONCEALS BLEMISHES  
DOES NOT DRY THE SKIN  
LASTING

## a flawless complexion with Film Finish Cake Make-Up

Why sigh for a perfect complexion when beauty is at your finger-tips? Simply apply Film Finish Cake Make-Up. It goes on so evenly and easily, giving the skin a silken smoothness that needs no retouching... not even if you dance, surf, or play in the sun. Four exquisite shades.



## "DRI-GLO" Naps . . . for Baby's Comfort

"Dri-Glo" are famous for their wonderfully luxurious bath towels. And now they are making the softest naps for baby. Only the finest super-quality cotton — beautifully bleached and one hundred per cent. hygienic — goes into these "Dri-Glo" baby naps. They are ready for instant use. And they're so super-soft

and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

Knowing how many times they have to be washed, we make our "Dri-Glo" naps in extra-strong double-warped yarn, with a special non-fray edge that won't go "raggy" with washing. That's why "Dri-Glo" outlast any other naps for wear.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-craft nursery towels for baby.

AVAILABLE AT STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

## POETS IN PRIVATE

### LONGFELLOW: The moralist . . .

● One afternoon in July, 1861, Mrs. Henry Longfellow sat happily sealing some packages of her daughters' curls. The summer sun slanted through the windows on her gauzy dress as she threw down the match she had used to melt the wax. In falling, the tiny flame flickered, unnoticed, to life, licked at her skirt, and rushed upward in a hiss of flame.

FANNY LONGFELLOW, second wife of the revered American poet, died the following day. Thus, for the second time, Longfellow was stricken by tragedy. His first wife had died in childbirth.

The interest of Longfellow's life has been swamped by the dullness of much of his poetry. Longfellow sang largely of faith, peace, parting, and the domestic affections, and in his frequent preachy moods pointed a moral to an incident or to a portrait which needed none, as in "The Village Blacksmith."

His fame will never again be what it was in his century, when his poems were translated into 12 languages.

But nearly everyone to-day can quote at least a line or two at random: "I shot an arrow into the air . . ."; "The smith, a mighty man is he . . ."; "It was the schooner Hesperus . . ."; "A banner with the strange device—Excelsior . . ."

Although kindly, safe, and sentimental, Longfellow was not exclusively so. He got a critical edge from his father, a distinguished New England lawyer and public figure. From his mother, a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, Longfellow inherited a love of nature, music, and poetry, together with a nervous sensibility verging on disease.

In middle life he was "half-crazed with neuralgia." The smallest upset would make his nerves "shake like a bridge of wire."

Henry was the second son, born at Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. Educated at private schools, he wrote poetry as a boy.

It had been taken as read that Henry would carry on the family legal tradition, but in his last year at Bowdoin University he wrote home—as ever, very correct and very proper—of literary ambitions.

His future was assured when the Board at Bowdoin voted to establish a chair of modern languages at the college and offered it to him after he had done 12 months' study in Europe.

Young Professor Longfellow was a favorite on the campus. One morning at church, he fell in love with the dark hair and blue eyes of Mary Storey Potter.

After nearly two years' courtship they were married in 1831. No match could have been more suitable. Mary

was 19, a judge's daughter, modest, submissive, a dutiful wife, secretary, and helpmate.

As for Henry: "He is a good little dear and I approve of everything (almost smoking) he does," enthused the bride.

Four years later Harvard University offered Longfellow a modern languages appointment. Before entering on it, he took Mary on a tour of the Continent as a "refresher" course in languages.

Puritan New Englanders both, they were scandalised at European clergymen smoking in the street and playing cards on Sunday.

Presently, at Rotterdam, Mary died with her baby in premature childbirth. Almost overcome with grief, Henry accomplished the heartbreaking task of packing her belongings and those of the child, then buried himself in study in Germany.

It was not until he got to Switzerland and met Bostonian merchant Nathan Appleton and his 19-year-old daughter, Frances, that Longfellow began to recover. It was two more years before Henry made Frances the heroine of his romance, "Hyperion."

### Women charmed

BY then he was well established at Harvard. The students appreciated his kindness and scholarship and thought his flamboyant waistcoats the 1830's equivalent of "sharp."

The professorial ladies distrusted the waistcoats, but were charmed by his social grace, his chestnut hair, bright blue eyes, and his evident relish for their society.

In June, 1843, Longfellow was writing: "Of late my heart has quite turned my head out of doors." The following month he married Frances.

Her father gave them Craigie House, formerly George Washington's headquarters, as a wedding present. There they lived for 18 years in tranquil happiness, with a child arriving every few years to bless the household.

In 1854, the year of his retire-



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW in the days when as a Harvard professor he wore gay waistcoats, relished good food, choice wines, and genteel society.

ment from Harvard, he came across a Finnish epic. He borrowed its rhythm, read up Indian tribes in the library, and turned out "Hiawatha."

It was an overwhelming success—although one critic labelled it "wishy-washy." More poems followed, and by 1857 Longfellow headed the American highbrow best-sellers.

In 1861 came the tragic accident to Fanny. Longfellow was working in the study when he heard her screams. He was badly burned himself in beating out the flames, and had not recovered when her coffin was carried out of the house three days later. It was their wedding anniversary.

Weeks later he cried in agony to a friend urging him to bear his cross: "Bear the cross—yes. But what if one is stretched upon it?"

Time, the care of his children, and study helped, although 18 years later Longfellow was still grieving for Fanny and his lost happiness.

Before the 1860's ran out Longfellow took his three daughters on a tour of England and Europe. He was nearly killed with kindness.

Back home he became the magnificent patriarch with gleaming eyes in a face framed by silver hair and beard. Loving friends penned ecstatic praise of every line he wrote. Every day the arrival of fan mail and some celebrity or other reassured him of his own "footprints on the sands of time."

On March 18, 1882, four school-boys called for autographs, and he played host with his usual charm. That afternoon he became ill, and within a week died of peritonitis.

Two years later his bust was unveiled in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS





**LOOK**



....

*Christmas stockings by Lustre*

at  
the head  
of your Christmas list  
for friends ....  
and on  
the top  
of the  
Christmas Tree  
for yourself ...  
the finest  
sheerest  
gift of all ...



*Lustre stockings*

THE FINEST OF *silk*  
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Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!

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YES, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily shampoo leaves dulling film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—America's favourite shampoo—to-day.

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### How to keep blankets on Baby

How often do you find Baby's cot looking as though a cyclone had hit it—blankets tossed aside and Baby bare? Sew 5/16" WEBCO NON-TWIST ELASTIC to the corners of the top cover and the cot. Baby is then as "snug as a bug" with NO chance of kicking away the covers.

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No risk of cuts or scrapes. Veet is the easy, quick, modern way to end the embarrassment of unwanted hair. Successful results guaranteed with Veet or money refunded. Supplies available at all Chemists & Stores 3/6 per tube.

## Dames Cause all the Trouble

Continued from page 3

HENRY put the receiver down. He rode down in the elevator and plunged out into the murky afternoon. Snow drove against him as he kicked his way through drifts to the parking lot. He scraped snow off the windshield and the rear window, got behind the wheel, and lurched and slithered out into the street, heading towards the highway.

An hour later he recognised the house just as he was going past it. He jerked the wheel hard at the last instant, made the turn all right, but he kept on turning. He went off the side road, and the car went down the bank and then came to a stop jammed between two trees.

He got out of the car and looked the situation over, pulled his coat collar up over his neck, his hat down over his face, and plunged ahead on foot.

A mile and a half later, looking like a snow-man, Henry kicked his way through the snow up the walk and stood on the threshold up to his knees in a snowdrift. He hammered vigorously, and after a few minutes the door opened.

"I was changing the baby," said a familiar, low, throaty voice.

This was the spectre of the telephone, Henry thought. She was small and port, fair-haired, with flashing blue eyes.

"My name is Trimble," Henry said, taking off his hat and coat. "The kid's crying," he said accusingly.

"Naturally," the girl said, "with you hammering at the door. What do you want?"

"I work for Mr. Champion," Henry said. "He wants me to see the kid."

The girl angrily led the way upstairs and he followed her along the landing and into the nursery.

Henry gingerly picked up the infant, who immediately stopped crying.

"He likes me," Henry said fatuously.

The girl took the baby away from him. It began crying again.

"What do you do, stick pins in that kid?" Henry said. "Where did the boss ever find you?"

"I happen to be his sister-in-law," she said, her eyes blazing.

"All the trouble in the world is caused by dames," Henry said bitterly. "The boss was a swell guy when he lived in town and was unmarried. Now look at him."

The girl put the baby back in bed and it lay there quiet. Henry studied its face and bald head. "Got a rash, all right," he said.

The girl began to laugh. "It's just a mild face rash," she said. "Almost all babies get it some time."

"Yes, Mother," Henry said. "For your information, toots, I have no kids. I am not in the market for children." He refrained from adding that he never intended to get hooked as the boss was hooked.

"All right," she said, "let's understand each other. My sister gave up a promising career to get married. I'm taking care of this baby in order that my sister can have a rest. I've just finished a business course, and I'm going to start work next week. And no egotistical braying male is going to put me in front of a hot stove."

She glared at Henry, who glared back at her. "Fine," said Henry. "It's even. I've got to call the boss. Where's the phone?"

She led the way downstairs and showed him the telephone stand in the hall; then she flounced into the living-room and picked up a magazine, while Henry had a long and very involved conversation with Mr. Champion about the baby's rash.

They also discussed in brief Mrs. Champion's sister.

Finally, Henry put down the phone. The girl in the living-room was staring at him angrily. Henry looked smugly at her. "Your brother-in-law is worried about you," he said. "He thinks you are a very impulsive girl and, while you probably mean to do the right thing, you are not the kind of girl who has very good control. You are lucky it is someone like me who came and not some wolf."

Henry put on his hat and coat. "There is no need for alarm," he said coldly. "I never intended to stay here. That poor little kid upstairs is defenceless, but not me."

He picked up the phone and called a number. "Will you send a cab out to—"

A voice said, "What do you think we got here, Mac—sleets?"

Henry hung up. He walked down the hall and opened the front door.

Henry winced, then staggered outside. He plunged erratically ahead, sideswiped a tree and fell down, momentarily disappearing under the snow.

"I am too young to die," Henry said to himself, and went back to the house and hammered on the front door. When the girl opened it, Henry darted into the hallway and leered at her.

"On second thought," he said, "I have decided to accept your kind invitation to spend the night."

The girl's mouth opened but no words came forth.

WITHOUT waiting for an answer he went upstairs, and a few minutes later a hot shower had thawed him out. He borrowed some of Mr. Champion's clothes, dressed, and then sauntered downstairs and found the girl in the kitchen.

"As long as I'm staying," Henry said, "I ought to know your name."

"Joyce Kendall," she said coldly.

"What's that on the top shelf?" Henry said. "It looks like a brandy bottle."

He reached for the bottle and poured two glasses.

Joyce drank hers, her eyes staring at him over the rim of the glass.

He got a little weak in the knees.

The girl reached to the shelf for something and stood on tiptoe. Henry moved to help her and his shoulder brushed hers; they stood side by side and her hair tickled Henry's nose. He felt slightly feverish and kissed the tip of her ear. She jumped as though he had bitten her.

"That does it," she said. "You can stay. I'm leaving."

Gloomily Henry followed her out into the front hall, watched her put on her galoshes and her coat and walk down the hall, open the door, and step outside. He saw her trip and fall. Her legs went high in the air. There was just enough light so that Henry could approve of her legs.

Suddenly Henry opened the door and dashed outside. He rushed to the girl, grabbed her, and brought her, kicking, back into the house. He closed and bolted the front door.

"I couldn't let you do that," he said. "Besides, the small fry is screaming."

"I warn you," she said, "I'm able to take care of myself." She led the way out to the kitchen and took a bottle of milk from the refrigerator. "Will you get the baby? I think we're both getting colds. We'd better wear masks when we're near the baby."

She found a dish towel and wound it round Henry's face just below his eyes.

"I'll scare the daylight out of him," Henry said in muffled tones.

Please turn to page 30



## Indigestion

—stomach pain

Suck 2 Rennies

—RIGHT AGAIN!

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Whichever you prefer

**ANACIN POWDERS** **ANACIN TABLETS**

**STOP PAIN FASTER**



# WORTH REPORTING

"BIRDIE in the Cage," "Dive For the Oyster," "Take a Peck," "Rattlesnake Twist," and a version of "Oh, Johnny!" are included in the 200 calls of square dance expert Leonard Hurst, now in Australia.

Leonard Hurst, who can call at 300 words a minute, would be the despair of any shorthand writer who wanted to jot down:

"First couple make the break—  
In and out like a rattlesnake," or  
"Now you'll all promenade with  
the sweet corner maid,  
Singing Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny!  
Oh!"

Mr. Hurst has promenade and Do-So-Do'd most of his life.

His mother, who came from the Ozarks, taught him the authentic folk music and ballads, and at the Hursts' home in Colorado the old dance customs were kept up.

Service in the U.S. Army Air Force during the war stopped the promenade, but Leonard managed to initiate Townsville, Australia, into the game back in 1944.

After the war he studied at Denver University, graduating B.A. in Sociology, meanwhile dancing happily with the University Square Dance Group, called the Dudes and Dames.

At a square dance in Denver he met petite Australian June Williams, in America on a Y.W.C.A. Travelling Scholarship, whirled her into the dance, and into marriage seven months later.

"We were the first couple to be married in a little log church in the Rockies," said Mrs. Hurst, gazing affectionately at her husband.

"Months before, Len had been engaged as caller for a square dance nearby, so we went straight on from the church, and Len called for the dancers. When they found we were just married, they were sweet, and rained hospitality on us."

"Square dance clothing traditions date back a long way," says Mr. Hurst. "Originally if a man wore both trouser legs tucked into his boot tops it meant he owned large numbers of cattle. If one leg was tucked in and the other out, well, he had quite a few, but if his trousers overlapped his boots, you'd know that he hadn't any cattle at all."

Leonard Hurst will broadcast for the A.B.C., and tour Australia.

## My favorite poem

HERE is a verse from the favorite poem of Miss Sheila Wright, Dyer's Crossing, Wingham, N.S.W. Many other readers have sent verses from the same poem.

I love a sunburnt country,  
A land of sweeping plains,  
Of rugged mountain ranges,  
Of drought and flooding rains,  
I love her far horizons,  
I love her jewel sea,  
Her beauty and her terror,  
The wide brown land for me.  
From "My Country," by Dorothea Mackellar.

## Necklace made of bobbins

MRS. V. C. SCHAEFER, of Brisbane, who learned lace-making from an old lace-maker many years ago, has a necklace of bead weights more than 200 years old, used as weights on lace-bobbins to keep the work to the correct tension. Each bead, hand-made, has its own particular name and use.

"Chinese lantern" depicts a lantern on a white porcelain background. Polka dots, as their name implies, are large dots on a contrasting color. Mare's tail, pond weed, dewdrop, honey, turquoise, humbug, and bullseye are names of others. The bobbins, says Mrs. Schaefer, were often fluted or carved, and some of light-weight wood were beautifully grained.

This and other paragraphs published on this page recently show that there is still a lively interest in what we regarded as a lost art, when we printed an article on Mrs. Jeanette Pethebridge's book, "A Manual of Lace," on September 30.

## Velvet for wear in street—or sea

SUITABLE for smart umbrellas or sleek swimsuits, a new type of velvet will be on the Australian market soon.

Called "street velvet," the new material is a mixture of rayon and cotton, with the appearance of the finest silk velvet. It is waterproof and uncrushable.

French designer Dior has already used "street velvet" in a number of his creations.

The material has been used in Rene's "Fabrications" in color on pages 36 and 37 of this issue.

Mrs. H. Jools, a partner in her husband's textile importing firm, has seen raincoats and suits made in the new fabric and is enthusiastic about its possibilities.

## Chemist takes up show business

AN aboriginal tribal chant is sung by 28-year-old Ted Mullett, full-blooded aboriginal of the Yarra tribe, in the new musical comedy, "The Highwayman," at King's Theatre, Melbourne.

Sydney chemist Edmund Samuels, who wrote the play, and sold his business to establish the Australian Musical Productions Company which is producing it, found Ted in a hat factory, after a search through several States.

The show is set in Bendigo in the gold rush days. It has a cast of 75. American Carl Randall is producer. The leading man is Earl Covert, who came to Australia for "Annie Get Your Gun," and leading lady is Beryl Seton, an English actress.

Australian ballerina Everalde Norton and her partner, Wilfred Stephens, are in the show. They are former members of the Borovansky company.

Dorothy Marchant, costume designer and wardrobe mistress, told us she had four weeks to make 50 costumes.

The designs were sketched from old fashion plates, and to dress the girls in the undies of the period, including pantaloons, took 140 yards of calico, and 60 yards of taffeta frilling.

Beryl Seton's ball gown of billowing marquisette is trimmed with 75 yards of delicate white lace.

Mr. Samuels had a play produced in London in 1936. It was "The Silver Swan," which had a successful run at C. B. Cochran's Palace Theatre.

He said that too many people over there had a say in the production.

"I think it's time the local talent makes sure that more world premieres originate in Australia," he told us.

OUR London office reports that the overseas mail of a Bristol wholesaler included this request from Lagos, Nigeria: "I want to be your friend. Kindly send me belt and fountain-pen, football, and anything you like. If you send it to me, I send elephant and coconut at once."

## Who's who on the wine list

VINTNER J. Bowen Pain, of Melbourne, has amused himself and his friends by giving personalities to wines. Here are some of them:

The Hocks and Rieslings—tall, thin, and austere ladies. Pleasing company on occasion.

Moselles and Graves—light, delicate young things, youthful, and gay company.

Sauternes—another lady, with a sometimes overpowering sweetness. (You must be a little careful where you introduce her, but she can be a pleasant companion at a meal.)

The Sherries, he says, are all boys; Amontillado is tall and thin. Fino has a dry wit. The Olorosos are a little fuller and heavier in build—good company for the ladies.

Nut Browns—a bit ponderous and heavy, and should not arrive until the end of the meal or they may flatten the dinner party.

Clarets and Burgundies—dependable friends. They add dignity to the table and bring warmth to the blood when needed.

Then there is that jolly little chap, Port. He has the reputation for being a great wit, but under his joviality lies strength.

## Christmas for Someone Special

"Something from Elizabeth Arden" . . .

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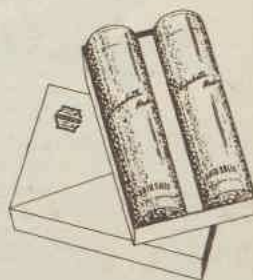
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Women's "L119". Relax in cushioned comfort—at work or play. Women, 2-7.

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DUNLOP RUBBER AUSTRALIA LIMITED (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)

DO-665



# TEENA

by Linda Terry



YES, MOTHER, I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW.



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): Use this week for outings, meetings, travel, discussions, and intellectual activity. Most days are favorable with the exception of December 10 and 12. December 12 is interesting.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): A week that improves from December 11, when you could have luck with money, also the opportunity to settle some of your financial problems with satisfactory results.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Avoid rashness, carelessness, or anything that could result in strained personal relationships on Sunday. Look to December 11 for new events and happy episodes. Caution next Tuesday.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): An unexpected element marks the coming week-end, and it may be advisable to watch health and personal affairs. The beginning of next week enters on a brighter and more hopeful note.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 188-174 Chatterbox Street, Sydney.

## As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): Your aspects are mostly helpful this week, especially next Monday, although a little tact may be necessary on Sunday. Pleasure, outings, and adventure are strongly marked.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Don't let sudden events force you into action or decision on December 10. Wait until December 11 for best results. Home and domestic affairs are your main interests.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Your most active time starts from the week-end, with the possibility of more social activity, outings, or travel. The unexpected surrounds Saturday.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): Money plans are important this week. Get busy with new ideas, schemes, or investments on December 11, but use care on December 10 and 12, two tricky days.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): A splendid week for personal effort and initiative, with some important events and opportunities likely. Your best days are December 9 and 11, and least progressive December 10 and 12.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): This week could be a trying one, especially on December 10 and 12. Don't overestimate or act on impulse. December 11 is your brightest day, so make the most of it.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): This week has rather mixed influences, which could bring problems through friendship affairs. Use care over the week-end to avoid tangles and upsets. A pleasant surprise on Monday.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Be careful in career activities nearing the week-end. Use tact also with friends and acquaintances. However, December 11 should prove a happy and exhilarating day.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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*Gifts*

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 9, 1950





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BEACH BAG in canvas, with two separate compartments for your wet and dry clothes, 28/9. Right, lacquered raffia sewing basket useful for mother. 56/11.



DRESS SET £4/9/3, short-sleeved pastel shirt 30/-, tie 10/6, juice-shake 16/6, cocktail set £2/17/6, drip sponge 8/6, appointment compact £2/15/-, teenager compact 13/6. Below, beach buddy, protects the face during sunbaking. Easy to carry as it folds flat. £1/12/6.



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2920

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become these . . .



Take care of your precious eyes in every possible way—by professional advice, and glasses if need be, and by the ready use of Optrex in regular eye hygiene and for all minor eye troubles, such as itches, Conjunctivitis, Blepharitis, inflammations, colds in the eye—and just plain tiredness.

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Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

**ASHTON & PARSONS  
INFANTS' POWDERS**



## Dames Cause all the Trouble

Continued from page 24

JUST as Henry reached the nursery, there was a crash outside of a falling tree, and all the lights went out. He picked up the baby and guided himself down the stairs with the aid of the flashlight Joyce was holding at the bottom.

Joyce was looking horror-stricken. "The stove is electric. We have an oil burner. We can't cook—we can't even heat the house."

"Take the baby," Henry said. "Where's the woodpile, if any?"

Joyce was looking at him with wide, frightened eyes. "It's at the back of the yard, at the edge of the lot."

"That's just where Mr. Champion would put it," Henry said. "Not up close by the house. Oh, no. At the back."

From a rear closet, he dug out a pair of rubber boots. He took the flashlight and stumbled outside and found the wood frozen in one great solid lump under the snow. He kicked at it with the rubber boots and tugged at it with his hands.

He brought armfuls of it back to the house. Joyce had spread newspapers on the living-room floor and Henry lugged in the wood, finally deciding he had enough for the night. He crunched papers in the fireplace, cut slivers from the logs and got the fire started.

"I'll bring the baby's cot down here," Henry said. "The baby can sleep here by the fire all night."

He went upstairs and found the cot wouldn't go through the door. He took it apart, carried the pieces downstairs and set it up again.

"Only married guys should have to suffer like this," Henry said hoarsely. He prowled through the house with the flashlight and came back finally with a glittering three-legged object.

"You know what this is?" Henry said.

"Certainly," Joyce said. "It's a tripod. My brother-in-law uses it for photography. He got it for Christmas and he's in love with it. It was very expensive."

"You're wrong," Henry said. "This is not a photographer's tripod. It is a thing for putting in a fireplace and hanging a kettle from its top. What does the boss love most, his tripod or his baby?"

Henry shortened the legs, tightened them, spread them wide, and wedged the tripod inside the fireplace. He went off again and came back with a kettle and a length of wire. He looped the wire to the handle of the kettle and hooked it over the top of the tripod. The kettle hung just above the flame.

"Wonderful," Joyce said. "It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw."

No girl, Henry told himself, had ever looked at him in quite that way. It made Henry embarrassed.

A little later, Joyce was feeding the baby while Henry heated some tinned soup for themselves.

By the time the soup was ready the baby was asleep. Henry and Joyce ate their soup, sitting on the couch. Ten steps away from the fire the house was bitter cold.

"I'm sleepy," Joyce said. She stretched out on the couch. "Suppose we take turns tending the fire. Wake me up at midnight."

A moment later she was asleep.

Henry went to the kitchen and brought back the brandy to help him keep awake. He sat down in the chair by the fire and looked at the sleeping Joyce. She was even prettier with her eyes closed, he thought, and a wave of self-pity came over him.

Finally, Henry woke her. "It's three o'clock," he said.

She sat up and looked at him. "Why didn't you wake me at twelve?"

"You were snoring," he said.

"I was not snoring," she said. "You better have a sleep now."

Henry lay down and pulled the blanket over him, falling asleep immediately.

He awoke to a beautiful but heartbreaking fairyland.

"It stopped snowing at four o'clock," Joyce told him. "The ploughs went through hours ago and the repairmen fixed the wires at eight."

Henry looked at his watch. It was noon. He felt sad that the snow had stopped. Now he was just an assistant baby sitter out of work. He started to say something to Joyce and then thought better of it.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'd better go."

He went upstairs and had undressed when he heard the knocker. Joyce called, "Can you get it, Henry? I'm changing the baby."

Henry looked for his clothes he had taken off the night before, but couldn't find them. He hastily climbed into a pair of Mr. Champion's pyjamas and pulled on a dressing gown, went down the stairs and opened the door. Mr. Champion and his wife stood there and stared at him.

"Obviously you weren't expecting us," the boss' wife said.

MR. CHAMPION'S

face was grim. He looked in the living-room at the couch and the blankets. He saw the tripod in the fireplace, the brandy bottle on the floor. He closed and opened his eyes and breathed hard. "Get out," he said.

"Yes," said Henry. "Sure. I'll rescue my car and head for the office."

"Don't bother," the boss said between his teeth. "I'll send you a cheque. Get out."

"In your pyjamas?" Henry said.

Joyce came into the hall with the baby. Its mother took it from her.

"The rash is gone," Joyce sounded cold and angry. "I'll say just this," she said. "Henry wrecked his car, getting here in the storm. He came part of the way on foot. The power went off and he kept a fire going all night although he was sick himself. He figured out a way to heat the baby's bottle, and keep the baby safe and warm. He saved the baby's life. Come with me, Henry, I'm pressing your suit."

Henry turned, astonished, then caught a glimpse of himself in the hall mirror and started back in shock.

"I've caught the rash from the baby," he said. "The kid's contagious. The red spots. Only on me it's in streaks."

He touched one of the red streaks, then looked at his finger. "Lipstick," he said solemnly and looked at Joyce, who was staring level-eyed at him. "You kissed me last night," he said wonderingly.

"You sleep very soundly, Henry."

They looked at each other and neither of them heard the boss and his wife babbling on and on profuse thanks and apologies.

The baby suddenly held out its arms and its mother said, "Look, Joyce dear. The baby wants you."

Joyce looked back over her shoulder at she and Henry started for the kitchen. "Sorry," she said gently, "some other time. I have to take care of Henry."

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1. MITCHAM LAVENDER TALCUM POWDER, gift boxed, 2/11.

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## Potter+Moore

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## A Way with Animals

Continued from page 5

MRS. PENNY-WORTH'S passion seems to be the throwing of parties—usually held in the spacious grounds of The Grange.

This time the local "grape-vine" whispered that a certain fiery-haired lovely who haunted my dreams and memory would be among those present.

The first person I saw on my arrival at The Grange was Mrs. Pennyworth; the second was Carole. I went across and gave her a large "Hello." Dressed in spotless, cool-looking white shirt and shorts, she looked bewitchingly lovely.

Her manner towards me was charming, yet distant. "This is Paul," she said, introducing me to the man at her side.

Paul was too handsome to be real, I decided. After giving me a cursory glance, he drew Carole away to meet some more interesting people.

For the next hour or two I wandered disconsolately around, trying to look as if I weren't following Carole.

Then I suddenly became dimly aware that much shrieking and shouting was taking place. I turned to investigate and my heart dropped into my boots.

Among the splintered wreckage of the afternoon tea stood a massive form. Though shrouded completely in the white tablecloth from the table, it was unmistakably a bull! A tail lashed angrily at the back, as the animal fought to free itself of the enveloping folds.

"Ferdyl!" I groaned.

This, I decided, was the finish. I would rid myself of the creature if it was the last thing I did, and Aunt Celia could go to blazes.

Alone on the lawn, whence every other guest had fled in justifiable panic, I picked up someone's walking-stick, and stepped up to teach that brute a lesson.

Then, stepping up to Ferdyl, I delivered a pulverising swipe with the stick at the place where I figured his muzzle would be. As I did so, from the corner of my eye I caught a gorgeous, unforgettable cameo that made the whole thing seem worth it. Paul the masculine, Paul the perfect, was floundering like a fluted walrus in the lower branches of a tree, while underneath stood

Carole, gazing at him with an expression of unmitigated contempt. For a moment I felt happy again. Then I tore the tablecloth off and eyed the culprit sternly.

It wasn't Ferdyl at all!

For a thousand eons I stood gazing into the baleful red orbs of a strange bull, an angry, resentful bull. A bull who seemed to swell before my eyes, until he filled the whole landscape. Then my knees slowly buckled under me, and I clutched weakly for support at the nearest object. Which happened to be one of his horns!

Giving a strangled bellow of indignation the bull advanced slowly, pushing me along with his head. I couldn't let go. Wherever he went, I went.

Finally, finding that he could neither shake me off nor get rid of me, he subsided suddenly on to his knees, and lay down to think things over.

I collapsed in a heap across his brow, and lay there panting, until a horny hand yanked me firmly away. Men in breeches, with stock-whips and ropes, were removing the offender.

Slowly the guests returned to the lawn, drifting up in little groups to display unconcern. Rather to my surprise, I found my hand being vigorously shaken. "Magnificent," said someone. "Wrestling the brute to a standstill with his bare hands."

It suddenly dawned on me that instead of making an utter fool of myself I was being looked upon as something of a hero!

As soon as I could shake off my congratulators, I began to edge stealthily towards the gate. A little of Mrs. Pennyworth's parties went a long way with me, I decided.

Behind a hedge of bougainvillea stood Carole. I stopped. For a long moment we just looked at each other. Then she gave a tentative smile. "Hallo, bulldozer!" she said.

Suddenly, I knew that everything was going to be all right. Perfectly all right. I moved closer to her and said, "I was just going home to practise that throw. You have to keep your hand in at this game, you know." Slipping her arm through mine, she answered softly, "It is rather crowded here, isn't it?"

(Copyright)

## Personality Quiz:

### Who are you kidding?

In trying to bluff others some people bluff only themselves. These questions will test your capacity for self-deception. Answers on page 38.

1—When you tell a friend an unnecessary home truth do you do it (a) for his or her own good, (b) because you want to shake your friend's complacency, (c) in the interests of the circle in which you mix?

2—If you purposely crossed a street to come under the notice of someone socially or professionally important would it be because you (a) considered politeness demanded it, (b) felt they'd be pleased, (c) wanted to bring yourself to their attention?

3—If an invitation to a party you'd wanted to go to didn't arrive, would you (a) feel disappointed, (b) tell yourself that you wouldn't be missing much after all, (c) conclude a mistake had been made?

4—If the man or woman you were interested in became engaged to someone else, would you (a) decide that you'd had a lucky escape, (b) wonder what the other person had that you hadn't, (c) tell yourself you didn't care?

5—If you took a promotion that you knew someone else expected, would you say you took it (a) to please the boss, (b) only after you had convinced yourself the other person would not have succeeded in the job, (c) because you wanted to get on?

6—If you picked up a pound note in the street would you say (a) "I'm in luck, I'll keep it," (b) "I hope I find the unfortunate person who dropped it," (c) "If I find the owner I'll say nothing about it."

7—If you've ever started to make something and found it too difficult to finish, have you (a) thought it hardly worthwhile making anyway, and given it up, (b) sought help and completed it, (c) attributed your failure to incompetent instructions?

8—When you're beaten in a game, do you (a) say you weren't trying your hardest, (b) admit you aren't good enough, (c) complain of your health, your equipment, the weather?



## Interesting People



MISS WINIFRED WILSON

... leading dietitian

STATE dietitian for five years, Winifred Wilson has now been appointed to take charge of Commonwealth dietitian services in Canberra. A graduate in Arts of Sydney University, she trained at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney. Says job is absorbing. It includes trying to improve everyone's diet and preparing publicity material. "Prevent disease through nutrition" is her motto. Makes all her own clothes in her spare time.



MR. TOM FITZGERALD

... crayfish tails

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN ex-stockman Tom Fitzgerald has found lucrative dollar-earning industry in exporting crayfish tails to America, where there is an unlimited market for these luxuries. Ex-P.O.W., he came out of the Army with bad health, but in the past four years has built up splendid new industry. Helped by wife, he has now invented a machine for labor saving in spiking out insides of crayfish. Last year industry earned nearly one and a half million dollars for Australia.



MISS ELIZABETH NICHOLLS

... University public relations

AMAZING to find how little the average citizen knows about the University," says Elizabeth Nicholls, newly appointed publicity officer to the Sydney University. She believes this is partly the fault of the University itself. Hopes to bring interesting stories and facts about University people into the news. A Tasmanian, she has travelled a good deal since she left home. Worked in England and saw much of Europe before the war. Experience includes five years public relations with Ministry of Post-war Reconstruction in Melbourne. Writes radio scripts and short stories.

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 7

MR. PORSON came in, a small, neat, fussy man, who acknowledged the district attorney's introductions with a nod of his head. Abigail sensed his ambition and undisguised pleasure in a prominent case and instantly disliked him.

"Mrs. Castle," the district attorney said, "is unacquainted with the facts in the case, Mr. Porson. She has been kind enough to call on us for a briefing. I thought you might give her the necessary details."

"With pleasure," Porson said. He used Abigail's trick of enumerating various points on his fingers.

"Mr. Castle owed the late Mr. Kallen sixty thousand dollars, a debt incurred while gambling at Kallen's Las Vegas establishment, the Pastime Club. Kallen was apparently anxious to collect this sum, and Mr. Castle was resisting his efforts. I will not bother with the dates, with which you are undoubtedly familiar—but Mr. Castle visited Mr. Kallen in Las Vegas, then Mr. Kallen flew to Los Angeles late Saturday night. He saw Mr. Castle at the latter's home on Sunday morning."

"I was present at that meeting," Abigail said.

"We understand that," Porson said. "It interests us greatly. Was there disagreement between the two men, Mrs. Castle, and were any threats exchanged?"

"I shall save that for the trial, Mr. Porson," Abigail said.

"I quite understand, Mrs. Castle," Porson agreed imperturbably. "Mr. Kallen visited Mr. Castle on Sunday morning. On Sunday evening Mr. Castle visited Mr. Kallen at a house on Warren Drive in Los Angeles at nine o'clock, having previously arranged the appointment by telephone. Mr. Kallen was staying at the house of friends who were in the East, and he was alone except for a maid asleep in the servants' quarters over the garage."

"At approximately nine-fifteen the maid heard shots and entered the house as soon as possible. Mr. Kallen was dead in the living-room, and Mr. Castle was standing there with a gun in his hand. The rest was routine—the police were summoned, Mr. Castle was taken in custody, and later he signed a confession."

"My husband was going to pay Kallen the debt," Abigail said. "He had a cheque for sixty thousand dollars."

"We did not discover any such cheque," Porson said.

"You're deliberately trying to incriminate an innocent man!" Abigail said.

"As you wish," Porson said. "I'm happy you're convinced of your client's innocence. Perhaps you can satisfy my curiosity in one matter. Why did you leave Mr. Castle on three separate and distinct occasions?"

Abigail swallowed hard. She said coldly, "I'm saving anything I have to say until the trial. Now may I see the confession my husband signed?"

"I brought a copy of it along with me," Porson said. "Here you are."

The confession was short and scarcely sweet, and not entirely satisfactory either, since Ben had merely detailed the circumstances of his debt, the night visit to Kallen, and how everything had suddenly gone black for him and he had ended up with a pistol in his hand and a gambler dead at his feet.

Abigail had a quick suspicion that Mr. Porson was not entirely satisfied with this document admitting guilt, for Ben mentioned no disagreement preceding the shooting.

She wanted to know if she might keep the copy, was given permission, and stuffed it in her pocket. Porson departed, and the district attorney shook hands with her.

"I'm afraid you're rather up against it," Mrs. Castle, he said.

"But still, I wish you luck. I knew your father."

"Everybody did," Abigail replied. "I'd like to see the prisoner, sir."

"I'll call ahead and make special arrangements for you," the district attorney said.

He did so, and she was admitted without delay to the gaol and permitted to go directly to the cowboy's cell.

Ben was sitting on one end of his bunk. He lifted his head slowly and looked at her, then grinned his enormous grin.

"I didn't dare look at first," he said. "It could have been one of those female policemen—they're around here a lot. I was beginning to be afraid you wouldn't ever come."

Abigail half choked. She said huskily, "Cowboy, what have you done? That's a great way to start a conversation, but—what have you done? Tell me in your own words and don't be too honest if it doesn't serve your purpose."

"I didn't kill him," Ben said. "Honest. This whole hullabaloo is a favor to you, little gal."

"What?" Abigail gasped.

"You married me," Ben said. "You even liked me. You started to rehabilitate me and cured me of a taste for strong waters—I think. You fixed me up with Mr. Otto Francis Birgin and restored my confidence as an actor. Why shouldn't I do something for you in return?"

"Oh, no!" Abigail said. "Not that!"

"Yes, that," Ben said agreeably. "By a stroke of fortune, I was given a wonderful chance to restore your confidence as a lawyer and set you up in your profession. I did it and I'm glad."

"Why, you blithering idiot!" Abigail said. "You—you—"

"Save me, little gal," Ben said. "I'll sit right here and wait. Prove to the world that women mouthpieces are the equal of men mouthpieces."

ABIGAIL said, "Circumstantial evidence. A motive. No defence witnesses other than me. That little snake Porson. And a confession—"

"You call that a confession?" Ben said. "All I did was say everything went black. I never confessed I shot him."

Struggling to calm herself, she said, "Tell me what happened that night."

"Well, I was pretty low in my mind when I went to see him," Ben said, "and he seemed upset, too. I gave him the cheque and explained the situation."

"Which was?" Abigail said.

"That I'd lost you through a lot of hard luck," Ben said, "that I am in love with you, and that I thought since it was all over he might as well have his pay-off."

"Oh," Abigail said.

"He laughed at me," Ben went on, "and tore up the cheque and threw it in the fire. He said he was in so much trouble now with his hotel the sixty grand was too late."

"He mentioned a guy was coming to meet him, and told me to tell you, if I ever saw you again, that he'd done his best to make it up to your father, and he was sorry your pitch had been ruined. I thanked him and started out." He broke off for a moment, frowning.

"I was in the hallway when I heard a gun go off behind me. I ran back into the living-room. The french doors were open at the far end, and there was the gun the killer had tossed on the floor. I was pretty rattled. I picked up the gun with some idea of defending myself, but nothing happened."

Please turn to page 38

FOR HOLIDAY LIVING



Choose Dencraft Jodhpurs for an active outdoor holiday. They're made from cloth specially selected to take the hardest wear you can give them—right through the best holiday you ever had. Look for Dencraft Jodhpurs when you plan your holiday clothes—they're cut for comfort and styled for fun outdoors.

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which safely STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

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MATTER OF MINUTES** because it's all-nylon from  
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That's why Nylon Lingerie is a world-wide sensation.

Kayser present it in all its fashionable beauty  
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'Fantasy' Nightgown  
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'Fantasia' Nightgown  
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★ The fabric is "Knit tricot", especially designed  
for lingerie ... to keep you cool and comfortable.

**B E W I S E R . . . B U Y**

**KAYSER**



# Holiday on the ocean



**PETTING IN PUBLIC** is poor taste. These young people have discreetly chosen a quiet spot after the ship's dance for their romantic interlude. Don't be too ready for such attentions.



**GOING ASHORE** in island or eastern ports you'll "lose face" if you wear shorts or slacks. And remember that hat or parasol.



**DRESS THE PART** if you play deck games. Trying to run about a heaving deck in high heels and a tight skirt always looks silly and is often dangerous.

♦ ♦ ♦  
**TOO MUCH LUGGAGE** caused by overdressing is an awful nuisance, especially if the cabin is small, as most of them are (right). Washing cottons, simple clothes are best on board ship.



● Life on the ocean wave can be lots of fun and a summer cruise is an ideal way for a young girl to spend her annual vacation. Perhaps Mama or a friend will save up and go along too. But don't let the sea air and moonlight on the water go to your head. Clothes, behaviour, and reactions of your shipmates will all go to make or mar your holiday.



**FANCY-DRESS PARTY** can be lots of fun if you dress up for it. Don't put on your prettiest dress when your pal is decked out in the ship's bed linen and towel. Vanity doesn't pay.



**HANDSOME SHIP'S OFFICERS** are quite eyecatching, but a lot of the glamor is in their uniform. Neglecting lads who have been looking after you for the blue-eyed second mate makes you look cheap.



# Fabrications



● Embroidered shantung (left) would make a lovely informal summer dress with wide, low-collared neckline, shirt-cuffed short sleeves, snug-fitting waistpiece, and flaring skirt.



● Apricot shantung, a fresh new-looking color, makes into a topless dress with pretty draw-string halter neckline, slim-fitting waist, and a wide full skirt (at right).



● Lavender shantung for a pretty ultra-feminine summer dress. Slit, flared, flyaway sleeves are tied with matching bows on the shoulders. It has a tight pencil skirt, with a flared half over-skirt buttoned on with the inset fly front.

● Lime-colored shantung with embroidered circle motifs could be used for this frock with the new silhouette—a tight moulded pillar of a skirt with gushing low-flared godet fullness.



Rene



☆ Interesting treatments of samples of new imported French materials—shantung and tie silk, the two fabrics which are leading the field in popularity this summer—are sketched on these pages. They come in a range of subtle, clear colors, printed, plain, and some wonderfully machine embroidered.

● Printed shantung in orchid and white would be special for this 1951-type shirt-maker dress (above). The shirt collar turns stiffly up, the cuffs are peaked, the pleats in the skirt are two "box whoppers."

● Superbly embroidered shantung, lovely to make into a cool, low-necked, short-sleeved dress. The buttoned bands round the neck, sleeves, and outlining the fitted midriff waist are in a plain matching material stressing the slim line.

● Striped shantung makes an exciting evening dress with clever tiered joinings and the stripes used in alternate directions—the bodice strapless and fitted, the skirt gathering more flaring fullness at each join to achieve a wide hemline, (at right).

● Tie silk printed in tiny block check design with its matching plain material is excellent for a silk summer jumper suit. The tunic top is made with a small high collar, pleated sections either side, three-quarter sleeves, and worn over a slim knife-pleated skirt.





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**Colgate's New Dentifrice Gets Teeth Remarkably Clean... Has a Delightful Minty Flavour Children Love!**

Your whole family will enjoy the new Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. Its minty flavour tastes grand, refreshes the mouth and breath. Its foamy cleaning action removes film—gets teeth so clean your tongue feels the difference. What's more, laboratory tests indicate it helps you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay when used regularly, as directed!

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TP2/120



Here's **ONE** sandwich spread children simply can't resist!

## Sanitarium PEANUT BUTTER

—milled FRESH, while the peanuts are still hot from the ovens!

There are never any left-overs when you make cut-lunches with tasty, appetising **SANITARUM** Peanut Butter. Milled FRESH while the peanuts are hot from the ovens—before any of their delicious goodness can be lost—it has the kind of flavour that 'young' appetites can't resist... that grown-ups enjoy, too! Include **Sanitarium Peanut Butter** in your next grocery order!

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- ☆ Gentle on babies' soft skin
- ☆ Use as a handkerchief
- ☆ To mop up splashes

and 101 other uses.

From all Chemists.

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 33

WITH a pleased smile, Ben continued, "In a moment, inspiration smote me. When you read my confession you'll note I didn't admit the gun was mine." He appeared eager for her approbation. "You regard that as intelligent, don't you?"

"I do not," Abigail said. "Darling—I mean Ben! This is no joke."

"Kiss me, my dear attorney," Ben said. "You ain't kidding."

She melted into the arms of her client. It was like the old times of a few days ago. The turnkey rapped on the steel door and came in.

"Pardon me," he said. "You through conferring with the prisoner yet, counsellor?"

"For the moment," Abigail said, and reluctantly disengaged herself and got up. In the doorway she paused, raising her hand commandingly. Though she didn't realise it, she resembled her late father remarkably in that instant.

Back at her home, Abigail spread paper, pencils, and books on the coffee table and started to work. First, she must investigate the crime itself. Then she would move for a delay in Ben's trial, and hope that the police would stumble upon the actual killer of Harry Kallen.

The telephone made work difficult and at times impossible. Newspapermen, well-wishers, and plain ordinary cranks called, one after another. Alice held them at bay as best she could; but the constant ringing kept Abigail's nerves fluttering.

Harrison F. Calhoun rang to wish her luck and offer help, then a call came from Otto Francis Birgin.

"I didn't think the cowboy had nerve enough to kill anybody," Birgin said. "Considering the respective merits of both guys, I would say the right guy got his, although it would be a toss-up with me."

"Don't, Birgin," Abigail said. "I know Ben didn't shoot him. I'll beat your brains out if you haven't the same confidence. You're probably going to be an important defence witness."

"So I've got confidence," Otto Francis Birgin said. "It's in you, Mrs. Castle. Give me the jokes—I'll say 'em on the stand. A new cheque for sixty G's is in the mail for you in case you run up some legal expenses. Allied-Apex is sticking with the cowboy, and I'll throw anyone off the lot that thinks different."

"Gee, you're all right," Abigail said. "You're not handsome, Birgin, but you'll do."

"Let me know what else I can do when you have time to think," Birgin said. "And don't have the idea I'm going for that line of soft soap you're handing out. I don't like you, you don't like me, see?"

"Okay," Abigail said. "I understand. Good-bye, King Kong."

She tried to resume work, but the ringings, the poundings, the on-coming of night, rising sensations of utter hopelessness—all conspired to shatter her. She looked up wildly at Alice. A soundless message passed between them; they burst into tears simultaneously, and fled into each other's arms on the couch.

The doorbell pealed.

Alice scuttled over and opened the door. Jake Harris tumbled inside.

"A.J.," he said. "Honey, consider my position. I'm sitting on the lid of the greatest exploitation idea ever handed a publicity man."

"What are you talking about?" Abigail demanded.

"Ben's new picture," Jake said. "It's a natural, don't you see? He

plays a murderer. He's up for real murder. The picture will gross eight million on the build-up alone."

He seized Abigail's shoulders and shook her. "A.J., you're a sharp gal. You're going to put Buffalo Bill over. This murder rap is a publicity stunt, isn't it?"

Abigail shook her head. Tears spilled from her eyes.

"No, no," Jake said. "Don't say that, A.J."

"Oh, Jake!" Abigail said. "I'm licked already. I don't know which way to turn. He did it for me."

Jake took her in his arms and patted her shoulder. "You poor child," he said. "Did it for you, huh? I wondered what was funny in the set-up. That's the trouble with Western actors, they handle guns too much."

"Stop making speeches!" Alice said. "She's got enough trouble without having to listen to you broadcast."

"A few additional remarks," Jake said, "and I am through. A.J., I'll build you into the best-known attorney in the Western Hemisphere. I promise that, when my campaign on you is done, if any jury convicts the Squaw Man and any judge sentences him, the populace will rise with broken beer bottles and assure the triumph of love over all."

"Jake," Abigail said brokenly, "you are true blue."

THE telephone rang. Alice took it, and said to Abigail, "A guy called Graves. You want to talk to him?"

Abigail took the receiver.

"I was glad to hear you are back, Mrs. Castle," Mr. Graves said. "Mr. Castle must be pleased. I am, of course, entirely at your disposal—for finance, business details, the hiring of private detectives, typing service, false testimony, the procuring of witnesses, and the offering of bribes to public officials."

"Thank you, Mr. Graves," Abigail replied. "I—I simply can't believe how kind everybody has been."

"You're welcome," Mr. Graves said. "You are the wife of a client, and—as you know—I pride myself on supplying a complete service. During the past twenty-four hours I have utilised a few trifling connections I happen to have. Some gentlemen who may prove helpful are going to call upon you. They should be there about now. I advise seeing them."

"I will," Abigail promised.

"Thanks a million, Mr. Graves."

The doorbell rang. "That's somebody I want to see," Abigail said. "Open the door, Alice."

Ricky came in, thin and insignificant, hatless, wearing a threadbare old topcoat. With him were two big men in dark suits and bright hats with large snap brims. Their round cheeks were freshly shaven and shone with powder. They conducted themselves in a consciously gentlemanly fashion.

"Mrs. Castle," Ricky said. "You holding up?"

"Pretty well, Ricky," Abigail said. "Nice of you to come."

Please turn to page 41

## PERSONALITY QUIZ

ANSWERS to Personality Quiz published on page 32:

1, (b). 2, (c). 3, (a). 4, (b). 5, (c). 6, (a). 7, (b). 8, (b).

Rating:

7-8 right: You're no angel, but at least you're honest with yourself.

4-6: You bluff yourself too often.

3 or less: What a humbug!

Did you  
**PROTEX**  
yourself this  
morning?



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PK2/140





**LORETTE**

Quilted satin platform slipper with  
pert matching rosette of stiffened silk.  
Colors . . . burgundy, royal, saxe,  
black, rose.

**LETTIE**

Sling-back platform toe-peeker of  
quilted satin. High wedge heel.  
Burgundy, royal, black, saxe, rose.

# Quilted Satins in slippers by

Rich, luxurious quilted satins here to star in the new Knight range. For all their rustling rosettes, sling-back heels and moccasin fronts, there's a wealth of wear in them. Witness their sturdy felts and satins, their stout soles and heels and that detailed stitching. Such a popular price too.

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felt with a quilted  
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**POTTER'S**  
**ANTI-SHRINK**  
**SHIRTS**





**RICKY** introduced his companions to Abigail by their first names. One was Moss, the other Archie. Then he suggested that Jake and Alice make themselves scarce.

"Knew your old man," Moss said to Abigail when they had gone.

"Likewise," Archie said. "I'm sorry about the way it went, Mrs. Castle," Ricky said. "Mr. Kallen should have taken me with him and it wouldn't have happened. He wasn't a bad guy."

"I'm sure he wasn't," Abigail said.

"I hear you love the cowboy very much," Ricky said.

"More than I can tell you," Abigail said.

Ricky sighed. "He didn't do the job, Mrs. Castle—I've found that out. Why did he take the rap?"

"He wanted to give me a start as a lawyer," Abigail said. "He thinks I can't miss on account of my father—but I can, the way it seems now."

"Yeah," Ricky said. "Well, I tell you, Mrs. Castle. It was done either by some torpedo hired specially by a mob, or some guy who was free-lancing and lucky. That we got to try to find out. If we do, the next step is to try to get the guy to come in. Putting the pressure on means risking knocking him off, you know."

"Ricky, you don't mean it," Abigail said, in trembling tones. "Would you do that for me?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Castle," Ricky said. "I've been talking with people around town, and you'd be surprised how many of them owe favors to your old man. If you got your heart set on that cowboy, we'll do what we can."

"Normally," Archie said, "we don't finger guys for the law. But this is an emergency."

"I'm going to start crying," Abigail said. "I'll probably try to kiss all of you." She began to sob.

"Mrs. Castle," Ricky said, "stick by your phone all night. I may give you a ring any time."

After that, Abigail was never sure about the exact continuity of events during the rest of the night. She remembered Alice coming home and asking questions. She remembered sitting down to scrambled eggs and tomatoes and finding herself unable to eat more than a few bites.

She paced up and down until her feet ached, and the hours fled by too fast. Jack Hall came, promised help, abused Ben, then left.

"He's apparently going to sleep in his car right in front," Alice said. "What have you got that drives men mad?"

"Trouble," Abigail said. "They love it. Look at all the wars they're in."

The telephone rang. Abigail fell off the couch getting it, and lay on the floor on her back to talk. "Furnival," she said.

"This is Moss," Moss said. "Ricky is kind of busy at present. It's okay."

"Oh!"

"Harry was trying to put the heat on a syndicate by saying he'd talk out loud if they didn't help with his hotel, and the syndicate got sore. They hired a guy. We gave him a choice of a couple of slugs in the back or a run for his money in court. He went for our deal. But there's one hitch in the deal, Mrs. Castle. This character is sold on the Furnival touch. He wouldn't give in unless you defended him. We had to promise that."

"Oh—" Abigail said. "Sure. Anything. Gee, you're wonderful, Moss!"

"I been told that," Moss said.

The court was ready to go in session when Abigail reached it next morning. It was mobbed with people, and the walls were lined. The coroner was at his desk set upon a dais. The jury was across from him. In the witness section was Ben, flanked by a couple of policemen.

## Legal Bride

Continued from page 38

His head turned sharply in Abigail's direction.

She advanced slowly along the centre aisle to where the coroner sat. Suddenly she was the centre of attention, and flash bulbs flickered and darted.

"May I make an announcement to this court?" Abigail said. "It has vital bearing upon the court's ensuing deliberations."

"Who addresses the court?" the coroner said.

"Counsel for Ben Castle," Abigail said, "alleged by the police to have murdered the deceased."

"Ah—you may give your announcement," the coroner said, "if you are convinced of its relevancy."

"Thank you," Abigail said. "I am also counsel for the man by whose hand Harry Kallen died, and I am prepared to surrender him immediately to any representatives of the law."

Order collapsed in the court. The coroner stood up. A babel of voices drowned the rapping of his gavel. Several reporters bolted for the telephones. Mr. Porson turned a vivid shade of pink.

Photographers converged upon Abigail. She pushed up on her toes and craned over their heads, peering towards the witness section. Sure enough, the cowboy's face was split by the widest grin she had ever seen on a human being.

Three hours later Abigail was sitting at a lunch counter on Temple Street having doughnuts and coffee.

### Beauty in brief:

### RELAXATION REFRESHER

By CAROLYN EARLE,  
Our Beauty Expert

AT the end of a hot day do you find you are getting it in the neck?

Is there an ache between your shoulder blades—a tightening of muscles that feel as if they will never unkink?

Here's a simple suggestion for relaxing tense muscles. It takes only a minute to do, and can be done at any time.

Drop your head forward till the chin touches the chest; with thumbs forward and fingers back, grasp your shoulders near the base of your throat and press down hard into the muscles of neck and spine.

Relax your grip—then press again. Repeat several times.

Next roll your head right around as though it were on a swivel, first round to the right, then round to the left. Keep this up while you count to 60.

The combination of these two movements will help untie weary knots.

with Alice and Jack Hall. The inquest was concluded, the jury had brought in a verdict, her new client—a little man with a hunted look—had been charged and booked and put in a cell, and the newspapermen had gone to other sensations.

Abigail had been able to do nothing more than smile at Ben, and he was now presumably being processed out of the Hall of Justice. Being busy with her new prisoner had kept her from seeing the cowboy's shackles struck off. Besides, an unaccountable shyness and doubt made her stay away from him, at least for the present.

A film of tears blurred her sight. She was thinking of the unregenerate Vincent Furnival and how pleased and amused he would have been at being able to do this posthumous favor for his daughter. Vinnie would have enjoyed the thought that sometimes the evil men do lives after them and encompasses good.

For the first time in years, Abigail felt a hot surge of pride in her father, and a love for him and his memory. She missed her mouth with a

sodden doughnut and dripped coffee on her coat. Alice wiped it off with a paper napkin.

"Why cry, A.J.?" she said. "The worst is over now."

"I'm sorry," Abigail said. "I was actually thinking of something else." Ben came through the swinging door. He must have gone to visit Kallen that night—as well as to gool—in the same cowboy shirt and tall hat, for he was wearing them now. His set, grim cast of features suggested his performance in "Danger Pass," when the railroad was coming through and he had saved the settlers' land from the crooked speculators.

Abigail laughed unsteadily and put a palm to her throat. Ben ignored her, concentrating on Hall in his best movie style.

"Podnuh," he said, "I've been all over this settlement lookin' for you. You been runnin' round with my little gal ever since we rode the range together in Las Vegas, and I don't cotton to rustlers cuttin' out stock with my brand on it."

"Look," Hall said, "I slept in my car last night. I'm in a bad humor—"

"I warned you previous, podnuh," Ben interrupted. "You made your play, now reach for your shootin' iron—put up your dukes, I mean."

The countermen and patrons in the lunch counter were examining the scene raptly. A policeman abandoned his coffee and started for them.

"Gentlemen," Abigail said calmly, "enough of that. No assault, no batt—"

"Let him have it, cowboy!" Alice said excitedly. "Kill 'im, Bushy!"

Ben took two swings at Hall, who ducked. Then Ben hit Hall. Then Hall hit Ben. Then Ben hit the floor. The next instant, the policeman had Hall by the collar.

"Come on," he said, "The station is right around the corner."

"Wait a minute," Abigail said. "Do you know who I am?"

"Yeah, you're Mrs. Castle," the cop said. "But these guys are still pinched."

With the help of a couple of other people, Abigail and Alice hoisted Ben to his feet and put his tall hat on.

"I never have been any good fighting without the aid of a director," he said to her.

"I regret hitting you, cowboy," Hall said, "but you insisted on it."

"I didn't insist," Ben said. "You could have just let me hit you."

"Let's continue this debate with the desk sergeant acting as moderator," the cop said.

They went around the corner to the police station, attended by a considerable mob of unattached citizens. As Ben and Hall were booked for a disturbance of the peace, the desk sergeant spoke a few words in his telephone to the Press-room. He gazed at Ben.

"You weren't out long, were you?" he said.

"I am Mrs. Castle, an attorney at law," Abigail said.

"Everybody knows that," the desk sergeant said.

"I wish—" Abigail started to say.

Reporters tore into the room, trailed by men carrying cameras. The same old confusion was repeated, punctuated by popping flash bulbs. Abigail had begun to acquire a professional air, and she handled the reporters with dignity. Ben was more abandoned and loquacious.

"I love my wife so much it must have made me crazier than ever," he said. He said a lot of other things, too—but all Abigail heard was, "I love my wife..." She told the desk sergeant she was ready to post bail.

"For both of them?" the desk sergeant asked.

Abigail pointed at Ben.

"I'll take that one," she said.

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L7/140

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OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

CHASES DIRT!





## BUTTLING BOB HOPE

**C**OMEDIAN Bob Hope masquerades as an English butler in Paramount's new technicolor comedy "Fancy Pants."

As the film begins he is an American actor in Edwardian England, who is hired by an unscrupulous Englishman to pose as a family servant. Hope's finesse so impresses a socially ambitious American guest that she engages him to work for her back home in a pioneer New Mexican town.

When he arrives there the townsfolk mistake him for an earl.

Here are some highlights from the film.

**REFRESHMENT** in Yellow Dog saloon is enjoyed by Effie (Lucille Ball) and rugged Pa Floud (Jack Kirkwood), but Humphrey (Bob Hope), at right, is nervous and apprehensive.



**ESCAPE** from Pa Floud's wrath is delayed when frightened Humphrey (Bob Hope), left, crashes into a welcome committee of Big Square citizens in Floud parlor.



**FORTUNE - HUNTER** George Van-Basingwell (Hugh French), below right, briefs his bogus butler Humphrey (Bob Hope) at Brinstead Manor.



**MOCK DUEL** at English week-end party is between Humphrey (Bob Hope) with knife, at right, and George Van-Basingwell with billiard cue. Sir Wimbley (Eric Blore) and Lady Maude (Norma Varden), at right, register fear.







*MISTAKEN for nobility, Humphrey (Bob Hope), at right above, is aghast when Mrs. Floud (Lea Penman), at left, furthers the impression for her own social reasons.*

*SURPRISE arrival of President "Teddy" Roosevelt (John Alexander), below right, causes Mrs. Floud to faint. Pa Floud (left), Effie, and Humphrey greet the guest informally.*







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**1 ARRIVING** from Ireland, Margaret O'Hara (Shirley Temple) and her Uncle Shawn (Barry Fitzgerald) are greeted by Thomas Millford (William Forrest), who has retained Shawn as assistant horse-trainer at his stud.



**2 ATTRACTION** grows between Margaret and top rider Ted Knowles (Lon McCallister). Girl fears racing, due to brother's death in crash.



**3 RIVALRY** develops between Shawn and head trainer George Carson (Donald McBride). Shawn fancies a yearling called Seabiscuit and persuades Millford to ignore Carson's advice to sell the colt.



**4 GLOATING** attitude is taken by Carson when Seabiscuit fails to be placed in any race as two-year-old. Millford decides to take Carson's advice to sell horse.

## PRIDE OF KENTUCKY



**5 OFFER** to become head trainer for Californian rancher William S. Howard (Pierre Watkins) is accepted by Shawn.

THE career of famous American racehorse Seabiscuit forms the basis for Warners' racecourse drama.

It tells the story of Seabiscuit's early setbacks, his gradual growth into a champion, and his triumph over injury to go on to victory.

Much of the picture was filmed against authentic backgrounds, including Santa Anita racetrack.

Irish comedian Barry Fitzgerald has a tailor-made role as a horse lover and trainer. William Cartledge portrays Georgie Woolf, the famous jockey known to track fans as "The Iceman."



**6 HORSE SALE** is attended by Shawn and new boss. Seabiscuit is up for sale and Shawn coaxes Howard to buy him.



**7 INJURED** while riding a Howard horse, Ted is taken to hospital where Margaret, now a trainee nurse, cares for him. Love grows between the pair, but Margaret promises to marry him only if he gives up racing.



**8 VICTORY** for Seabiscuit and Ted makes Margaret realise that Ted must continue racing and justifies Shawn's faith in gallant animal.





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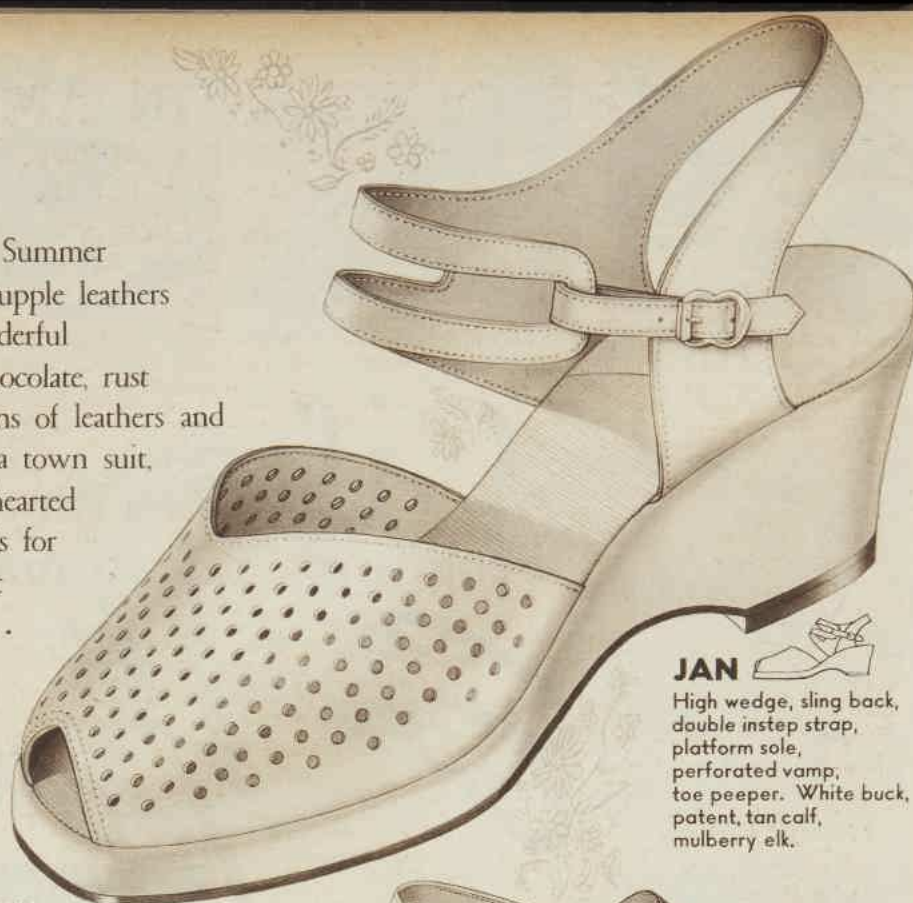
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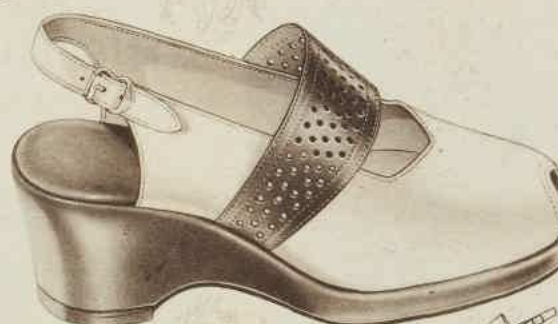
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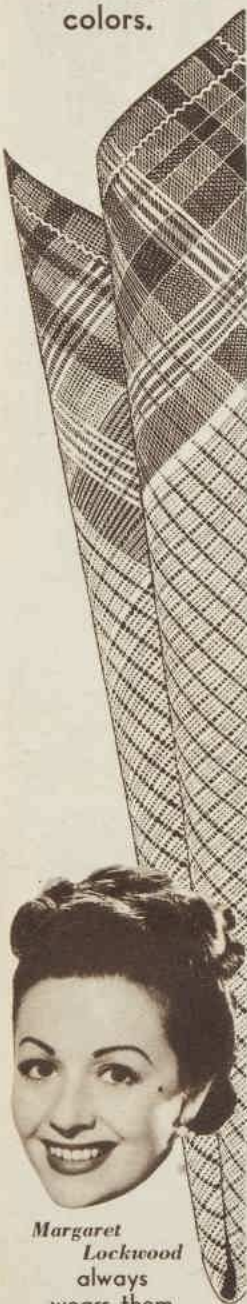
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 9, 1950



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## THE OLIVIERS IN AMERICA

From LEE CARROLL in HOLLYWOOD

How Sir Laurence Olivier acquired a good American accent during his recent visit to Hollywood is a story that is going the rounds of the movie colony.

Sir Laurence had to become a typical American to play the role of George Hurstwood of the Theodore Dreiser novel, "Sister Carrie."

He realised that his problem was not so much in acquiring an accent as in avoiding exaggeration.

HE had used the American accent on the London stage, but there exaggeration was permissible and even welcome.

One of the first telephone calls he made after reaching Hollywood was to Spencer Tracy, whose accent he considered ideal for the role of Hurstwood.

Tracy was not a close friend, and Sir Laurence made the call as one actor asking another for assistance.

Tracy, good trouper that he is, was glad to co-operate, and the pair had several sessions together in the study of the Oliviers' rented home before shooting began.

To ensure that his valuable instructions were not wasted, Olivier recorded every word spoken by Tracy, and later took the wire-recorder to his dressing-room.

There Olivier rehearsed his dialogue, playing it back to see if it sounded sufficiently American. When dissatisfied, he would put on one of the Tracy records and listen again to the voice of his tutor.

It is 10 years since Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, eloped to Santa Barbara and were married during the filming of "Gone With the Wind," in which she played the ambitious, vain, and egotistical heroine, Scarlett O'Hara.

When that film was completed shortly afterwards, the Oliviers returned together to London.

It took two plum assignments and protracted negotiations to coax the Oliviers back again to Hollywood.

Hollywoodians believe that professionally the couple could hardly have done a better film deal.

Sir Laurence became Mr. Hurstwood of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister

Carrie," which Paramount have named "Carrie" for the screen.

Over at Warner's studios Vivien Leigh clapped a frowsy blond wig on her dark head and stepped into the role of Blanche Dubois, the central character of Tennessee Williams' sordid story, "A Streetcar Named Desire."

"Carrie" is placed in Chicago and New York of the early 1900's. The story tells the poignant and dramatic story of a middle-aged man's love for a young girl.

Talented, temperamental Jennifer Jones co-stars as the young girl of the story, and Miriam Hopkins appears as Hurstwood's wife.

Paramount director William Wyler made up his mind a long time ago that if he ever managed to bring "Sister Carrie" to the screen he would have Olivier for the central character, and nobody else.

Why? "Because," says Wyler, "I felt Olivier could best express the tragedy of the man."

Any anticipatory fears that were felt about working with the titled visitor disappeared when he asked to be called an informal Larry.

Recounting his first meeting with Sir Laurence, Wyler said, "Any ideas



LOVELY MEMBER of a visiting Indian group, the Rani Amarnath Atal of Jaipur, photographed with Laurence Olivier on the set of "Carrie" in Hollywood.

we might have hidden were as false as a glamor girl's eyelashes."

Sir Laurence proved to be the hardest-working actor on the Paramount lot.

"I had him clocked one day by the assistant-director to see how much free time he gave himself," Wyler told me. "From nine to six, with the exception of the lunch hour, it added up to exactly seventeen minutes. As for the lunch hour, he spent that listening to dialogue recordings, anyway."

Socially the Oliviers could have had Hollywood on their door-mat had they said the word. But they were too busy with their work, and a very small circle of friends, to plunge into the social whirl.



CO-STARS Laurence Olivier and Jennifer Jones stroll through a scene in "Carrie." Olivier plays an older married man who falls in love with a native girl, with tragic results.



VIVIEN LEIGH, photographed in Hollywood before getting into the dinky make-up required for her exacting role in the film version of Tennessee Williams' "A Streetcar Named Desire."

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## Six-20 Kodak Af/6.3

### CAMERA

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## Six-20 Brownie 'C'

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46/3



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Ensar f/4.5 lens; Epsilon shutter (1 sec. to 1/150 sec.); double vision coupled rangefinder; 12 (2½ x 2½) exp. or 16 (2½ x 1½) exp. on V120 film; automatic film counter adj. to both picture sizes; body shutter release; depth-of-focus scale; all metal, chrome fittings.

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### CAMERA

Smartly designed and well built. Ensar f/6.3 focusing lens; Trikon 3-speed shutter (to 1/100th sec.); waist-level and eye-level view finders; all-metal body, 8 exp., 2½ x 3½ ins.

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## Brownie Reflex

### CAMERA

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ANGUS drew himself to his full height, tucked the bagpipe under his arm, and stalked off down the park.

The truth of the matter was that Heather and Angus were kindred souls. A fortnight ago, Mrs. Campbell, backed up by some of her cronies, had objected to Heather's violin-playing in the boarding-house.

Heather hadn't waited for any more. Snatching up despised Old Faithful, she had flounced off angrily to Seaview Park.

Now, as she wrestled stubbornly with Bach, her thoughts and the music moved to a different tempo.

Those skirling pipes down near the promenade, the throb of her own violin, represented a conflict that had been going on in her own life as far back as she could remember. She had enrolled early in the year as one of Signor Tito Puccini's students—Puccini, as everybody knew, was a violin maestro with a world reputation.

Her goal now was to qualify in the Concerto Festival and then gain a scholarship in London. For all this she had only her mother to thank. Mrs. Macdonald had made up her mind that Heather was going to be a great musician.

It had been tough on Dad, she conceded magnanimously. Once upon a time he'd been a piper himself, but Mrs. Macdonald had objected strongly.

The bagpipe cut a swathe through Heather's thoughts; she cursed under her breath. For a while she tried to outplay the noise. But it was hopeless right from the start. She packed Old Faithful into its case and, tossing her head to emphasise her contempt, stamped off across the park.

That night she wrote a letter to her mother. She used terms to describe the bagpipe that only Mrs. Macdonald could appreciate; what she had to say about a red-headed man named Angus was enough to make the paper burn. But it didn't do her a great deal of good.

When Heather went to the park the next afternoon, Angus, his bagpipe tucked under his arm, was waiting at the park gates.

## The Piper in the Park

Continued from page 9.

Heather didn't give him a chance to speak, but said, "I'll call a policeman. You are, Mr. Angus Whatever-your-name-is, annoying me again."

All the goodwill went out of Angus; he turned abruptly on his heel. Starting up the pipes, he marched back to his summer-shed beside the promenade, and for the next hour or so they tried to practice. It was almost five o'clock before the uneven contest came to a close.

She was at the gate of her boarding-house when she saw him panting up the street behind her. She opened the gate and went inside. Susan Campbell, the landlady's daughter, was coming out, and when she saw Angus she let out a squeal of exaggerated delight.

"Angus, da-ahling!" she said. "Just fancy meeting you!"

"Susan!" Angus said.

There was something irrevocable in the way Heather slammed the door; she made the house rattle.

But putting him out of her mind was a different matter. Susan inadvertently saw to that. They were having lunch the following day when Susan said gaily, "I'm going out tonight, Mum. Angus will be calling at eight."

Heather was ready to give Angus a piece of her mind when she went down to the park on Monday afternoon, but there was no sign of him. Instead, she found a letter lying on the summer-shed table. It read:

"Dear Miss Macdonald, I have found out that you and your violin, like me and my bagpipe, are social outcasts. In the circumstances, I do not wish to embarrass you further. I shall practise from now on among the uncomplaining rocks at the southern end of the beach. It's been nice meeting you, but I'd like to add this—a girl by the name of Heather Macdonald should know better. You could do worse than go to the Highland Concert at the Caledonian Hall next Wednesday, and recapture some of the zest for living that characterised your honorable ancestors. Your well-wisher, Angus MacArthur."

Heather's hand was trembling as she picked up her violin.

She extracted a few high-pitched screams from Old Faithful; then, making up her mind, she dropped the violin on the table and scrambled through her handbag. She used a fountain-pen and the back of a concert programme to write a letter. It was short and to the point.

"Angus MacArthur," she wrote. "Dear Sir. The invitation to your Highland concert duly noted. Fortunately for both of us, the pupils of Signor Puccini are holding a concert in the Town Hall on the night you mention, and I shall be playing there. I make no apologies to my honorable ancestors. Yours impersonally, Heather Macdonald."

She stuck on a stamp and posted it in the letterbox outside the park gates.

When she arrived home there was an unexpected letter from her father, which was strange, as she had only written to her mother. But he must have read the letter.

She was watching the clock impatiently, dressed for her concert, when she heard Mrs. Campbell, who was ailing again, call from her bedroom: "Susan, dear, bring me the sleeping tablets. I have such a wretched headache..."

SUSAN was dressing for the Caledonian Concert. "Heather," she begged, "will you get them? I'll be terribly late as it is."

The sleeping tablets were in the kitchen medicine-cabinet. Heather looked at them speculatively. She went into Mrs. Campbell's bedroom, and when she came back three tiny pellets were in the palm of her hand. She poured tea for Susan; then passed the cup across the table. The pellets were no longer in her hand.

Once outside, Heather drew a deep, shuddering breath. The night was warm and starlit. She concealed her violin underneath the verandah settee, and, trembling all over with excitement, went down to the corner telephone-box. There she

put through a call to Signor Puccini and told him she was too sick to appear that night.

She then made her way to the Caledonian Hall.

An usher, flaunting the Macdonald colors, led her to a seat in the middle of the hall. He handed her a programme, and she glanced at it. There was Angus' name, fifth item down. The lights dimmed and the curtain went up, and she waited impatiently, amazed to find she was enjoying the programme.

They came to Angus' contribution, but a gloomy master of ceremonies announced he was unable to appear.

Engrossed in her thoughts, Heather was going home when she almost collided with a bulky figure. It was, she saw by the light of the street lamp, none other than Angus MacArthur.

"Thank goodness," he said. "When that Puccini told the audience you had taken very ill suddenly I hopped out here as fast as I could. I spoke to the neighbors next door. A doctor, it seems, was making an emergency call, and I nearly fell over with worry."

"A doctor! What do you mean?"

"I thought it must be you," Angus said. "I hung around outside for quite a bit, and when the doctor came out I fired so many questions he must have thought I was nuts. But it wasn't you, after all. The patient was Susan."

Fingers, pressed tight against her mouth, stifled her scream. Something turned over in the pit of her stomach. Her mouth—fell open. "Susan—Susan!" she said.

"It seemed she went to sleep and her mother couldn't wake her up," Angus said. He obviously wasn't very interested in Susan. "They thought it might have been sleeping sickness or something, but the doctor put it down to too many sleeping tablets. He gave the Campbells a lecture about excessive drug-taking. But Susan's O.K. now. There's nothing to worry about."

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Summer is the best season of all to begin straightening yourself up physically. The warmer temperatures lessen the risk of chill.

The exercises are shown stage by stage in full color in A.M. for December, now on sale.

The directions under the pictures embody the experience of one of Australia's leading physical culturists.

"Oh, Angus!" Heather said. She needed his arms for support.

Angus whispered: "I'm—I'm just daft about the violin, honest I am. Dye think, Heather, if ye liked me a bit, ye'd ever get a fondness for the pipes?"

Heather was thinking of the letter her father had written. Old Alex Macdonald, without a doubt, was a shrewd old bird. His letter had said: "The way ye hate that Angus laddie—the boy with the pipes—makes my old heart glad. Ye're in love with him, lassie, that's your trouble."

"Dinna ye ken," she said—and she did her best to make her accent convincing, "the MacArthurs were the pipers to the Macdonald clan—'tis only right we should keep it that way. I've a feeling, Angus, if we set our minds to it, we could play a bonnie tune together."

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ACTRESS AT 2!



**JENNIFER HENRY** of Coogee, N.S.W., has just turned four, but already she has been a professional model for 2½ years! What's more, she appeared in a film at the age of two. A tiring life for a little girl, but Jennifer is the picture of health. Mrs. Henry says: "Jennifer has had Vegemite every day since she was six months old and I'm sure it has been a big help in keeping her fit and well". Vegemite is the true yeast extract. It's nearly three times richer in vitamin B<sub>1</sub> than other similar extracts, and it contains no starch. Vegemite is tastier too, and it's more economical.



POPULAR ENGLISH STAR Margaret Lockwood introduces her daughter Toots to her new leading man, American Dane Clark, in the grounds of Pinewood Studios. Clark made a quick trip to England for two film assignments.

## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ *The Blue Lamp*  
**E**ALING'S Michael Balcon, who has a knack with documentary-type suspense drama and the good sense not to change a proved formula, has made "The Blue Lamp" a topical, gripping, and human little film.

The screenplay is well knit and trimmed, the direction clear cut and controlled.

The story of a postwar crime wave is tied into the work performed by the British Police Force.

A couple of young larkies, Dirk Bogarde and Patric Dopgan, are spotlighted as typical of the new crop of criminals who have grown up since the war.

From petty crookery these two graduate to box-office holdups, are caught in the act, shoot their way out, and the law swings into efficient and systematic action to round them up.

Interpolated with the crime of killing an unarmed policeman are numerous events, some amusing, some otherwise, which touch upon it directly and indirectly.

Jack Warner brings a wealth of warmth and ease to the role of P.G. Dixon, who takes raw police recruit Jimmy Hanley under his wing and into his home with screen wife Gladys Henson. Robert Flemyng also does a nice unobtrusive job as a Yard man.

In Sydney—State.

★ *A Life Of Her Own*

**P**LEASANT faces, smart clothes, and fashionable settings fail to erase the air of world-weariness which permeates M.G.M.'s "A Life Of Her Own."

The story sets out to express the opinion that happiness is not found through success, but leaves an unfortunate impression that it is impossible to find it anywhere.

An impressive wardrobe has been provided for Lana Turner, who graduates from a small-town girl to become the toast of the fashion world as a top-flight model.

In her return to films after a long period of resting it would have been pleasant to see Lana in a sparkling role, but as the girl who finds success tasteless her general outlook is gloomy and depressing.

Ray Milland handles his limited portion of the limelight competently.

ON OTHER PAGES

Bob Hope Comedy, Pages 44, 45

Pride of Kentucky, Page 46

Oliver in America, Page 49

but is also crowned with an unhappy air.

The supporting cast includes Ann Dvorak, Louis Calhern, and Jean Hagen.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ *Once Upon a Dream*

**S**OPHISTICATED comedy, like champagne, should never be permitted to lose its sparkle.

Eagle-Lion's comedy "Once Upon a Dream" is a film in point. Starting out with a pleasantly provocative, if thin, theme, it proceeds at a deliberate pace, which has a flattening effect.

The film's virtues are nice atmosphere and smooth acting from stars Googie Withers, Griffith Jones, and Guy Middleton, as well as some riotous pieces from a group of experienced bit players.

While feather-brained Googie Withers is awaiting the demobilisation of husband Guy Middleton from the Army, he sends batman Griffith Jones on ahead to take over the household chores.

The lady dreams that they share a romantic interlude and upon awakening does not realise that it is only a dream. The master of the house having returned in the meantime, the situation causes complications and upsets that have to be explained away.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★ *Comanche Territory*

**U**NIVERSAL'S Western makes competent use of the well-worn formula—white man versus redskin—and the plot has James Bowie (MacDonald Carey), inventor of the Bowie knife, keeping the peace between Comanches and white settlers in a technicolor West.

A treaty with the Indians exists which permits the U.S. Government to mine silver on their land, but it is stolen while en route to the tribal chieftain, and miners and wild-catters prepare to overrun Indian territory.

The theft is traced to Katie Howard (Maureen O'Hara) and her brother Stacey (Charles Drake). The girl believes that wider settling will bring prosperity to the West, but Bowie convinces her that the silver mining project will be just as effective.

MacDonald Carey makes a rugged and sufficiently easy-going frontiersman, while Maureen O'Hara is a pretty and dashing, if unconvincing, outdoor girl.

Good support comes from Pedro De Cordoba, who portrays a dignified Indian chieftain.

In Sydney—Victory.

Not a shirt...

but a way of life...

a way of leisure,  
learned  
in sunny  
California,  
where men  
demand the  
extra ease,  
extra colour,  
and extra  
comfort of



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...makes it lustrous  
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Yes, she's found out how  
far a little Three Flowers  
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Spruces up and brightens  
your hair, makes it easy to  
manage, gives it the kind  
of look your admirers want  
to see all the time.

And, m-m-m-m... that  
dainty,  
lingering  
fragrance.



three flowers  
BRILLIANTINE

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Sold everywhere.

CREATION OF Richard Hudnut



WHEN the stars were  
paling above the mountains of  
Gilead, Jesus returned to the boat.  
He found James, the son of Zebedee,  
looking with some anxiety at the  
foam-flecked water, wondering  
whether to summon the others and  
haul the craft higher up the beach.  
"James!" said Jesus, "go call your  
brother. I need you both for a  
task on which I shall send you."  
When John was with them he said  
in a voice of deep grief and anxiety,  
"I named you 'Sons of Thunder'  
because you are quick to act and  
also brave. Listen! At this very  
moment a horse is racing madly  
down from the Valley of Pigeons  
towards the main road leading to  
Tiberias. It is carrying a poor  
woman tied on its back. Hasten to  
the crossroads, stop that horse, un-  
fasten the woman and bring her here  
to me."

The two disciples were amazed.  
However, without asking any more  
questions, they obeyed promptly.  
The sun was rising when they re-  
turned to the boat, James leading  
the now docile horse, John carrying  
Varilla wrapped in his cloak. The  
other disciples stood in an anxious  
group around Jesus, who was looking  
out towards the hills.

"Master," stammered John breath-  
lessly, "here is the woman. I fear  
she must now be dead!"

"She is not dead," replied Jesus.  
"Lay her in the boat and fetch  
some water from the lake."

The disciples quickly made a bed  
with their cloaks, and on it they laid  
the dying woman.

Leaning over her, Jesus placed  
loving hands on her face and called  
her by name: "Varilla..."

She opened her eyes, now almost  
spent, but when they met the pity-  
ing eyes that looked down on her  
they seemed to be lit by a sudden  
flash. She murmured rather than  
spoke: "Ah yes! I am dead, I know.  
And thou art the divine Dionysus,  
Lord of Joy, come to meet me."

Jesus stroked her forehead gently,  
and said quietly: "Varilla, I am  
Jesus of Nazareth!"

An almost imperceptible smile  
shaped itself on her swollen lips.

"You are Jesus of Nazareth? You  
are the Messiah? Then I am not  
dead! I am not in the Land of  
Shades?"

"The Father in Heaven is call-  
ing you to Him... you have had  
too much suffering."

"O Jesus of Nazareth," she whis-  
pered, "if you are He who should  
come, save my soul and let me see  
Marcus Adonias once more!"

"You shall see him," said Jesus,  
"he is on his way to you."

He poured the water that had  
been brought over her face. It  
seemed to soothe her and she fell  
drowsy again.

Later the measured beat of hoofs  
was heard in the direction of  
Tiberias. Then, through the hedge  
of aloes bordering the road flashed  
the helmets and lances of Roman  
cavalrymen. Marcus rode into view  
at the head of his troop, then, with  
an exclamation of agony, he leaped  
from his horse and ran to the side  
of the boat.

"Varilla! my poor Varilla!" ...  
"Marcus Adonias," said Jesus, "do  
you recognise me?"

"Yes, Rabbi, I recognise you. But  
how did this woman get here?"

"Ask nothing at this moment. She  
is at death's door. Take your leave  
of her before she yields up her puri-  
fied soul to the Father in Heaven."

Then, bending again over Varilla,  
he called her once more by name.

The dying woman opened her eyes,  
and looked towards Marcus.

"Oh, Adonias! ... my Adonias!"  
With shaking hands she groped for  
his face. "I see you, my dear one, I  
see you! Now I can die in peace!

Farwell, Jesus of Nazareth, love my  
Marcus Adonias! ... Marcus, the  
divine Dionysus is with us..."

She gave a little sob. Her grip  
relaxed and her hands fell inert on  
John's cloak.

Heartbroken, Marcus knelt with

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 10

bowed head beside her. Then he  
sprang up in fury.

"I shall never rest," he cried, "un-  
til I have destroyed that gang of  
murderers to the last man."

Jesus looked at him with an ex-  
pression of infinite pity.

"Marcus, my son," he said, "you  
are in danger of bringing other ter-  
rible troubles upon yourself. Ven-  
geance is the Father's. Leave it to  
Him, for He alone can render ven-  
geance fruitful."

"Not!" was his reply. "Romans do  
not delegate to others, not even to  
the Gods, the task of avenging them-  
selves."

He mounted his horse, and with  
Tricongius went back to where his  
escort awaited him on the road.

Of all Eleazar's band, Micol alone  
suffered any pang of remorse for the  
inhuman torture of Varilla. She  
had risen before dawn and gone alone  
to the top of the track leading down  
to Tiberias.

Leaning over a projecting spur of  
rock, Micol saw on the track below  
her a long file of armed men on foot,  
and the plumed helmet of an officer  
who commanded them. Then she  
recognised him—it was Marcus  
Adonias, her son.

With a groan she collapsed,  
broken-hearted, on the rock. This,  
then, was the supreme and awful  
punishment inflicted on her by Jahve  
for having loved a pagan, an idolat-  
er. The fruit of that illicit love was  
now turned against herself and her  
God.

Marcus Adonias must assuredly  
have been informed of the tortures  
suffered by that beautiful Roman  
lady, and here he was come with his  
soldiers to avenge the crime.

There was no way out now. Flight  
was impossible. All around the  
woods and thickets were swarming  
with men on horseback and on foot.  
It would be a fight to the death.

Very well then! She would fight,  
with her companions, to the last  
arrow and the last gasp. Leaping to  
her feet, she was the first to utter  
the war-cry: "EH! EH!"

A FURIOUS battle  
began. With yells like the howls of  
wild beasts Eleazar's men rolled  
down great rocks, rushing from one  
point to another, whilst their bow-  
men directed a hail of arrows on the  
Gauls below them.

But these were veterans in moun-  
tain warfare. Silent, methodical, in  
compact groups, screened by their  
shields, they won their way foot by  
foot forward and upward.

The fight lasted till the evening.  
Then after a severe struggle a strong  
party of soldiers gained and held a  
foothold on the Plateau of the Caves,  
and the brigands' resistance crum-  
bled.

Eleazar, knowing that his men,  
with spears and knives, could not  
stand in hand-to-hand encounter with  
the mail-clad troops, had passed the  
order that all survivors should scatter  
for the woods, and under cover of  
darkness attempt to escape down the  
many ravines of the mountain.

He himself, accompanied by  
Micol, made for a narrow, stony  
gully, down which they scrambled,  
clinging to the bushes, until they  
managed to reach a wood in the  
direction of Tiberias.

But suddenly they heard the sound  
of horses' hoofs approaching from  
two directions at once. A moment  
later a number of Roman soldiers  
appeared on their right, led by a  
man carrying a torch, whilst four  
others, also mounted, closed in on  
their left.

The two groups of Romans sighted  
them simultaneously and galloped  
towards them.

"There he is! Over there! The  
Jew!" one man shouted. "There are  
two of them!"

As he shouted, one of his com-  
panions hurled a javelin at the

couple. It caught Eleazar between  
the shoulder-blades as he bent over  
to draw his bow once more. He  
fell, face downwards.

Undismayed, Micol picked up the  
bow and was making ready to shoot  
when she was surrounded and killed  
before she could utter a cry.

As Tricongius reached the spot  
where the two bodies lay, one of the  
soldiers cried in alarm, "It's the  
Amazon... and we were ordered  
not to kill her!"

"So it is!" muttered Tricongius.  
Marcus had indeed given orders that  
the Amazon was not to be killed,  
but Tricongius' tone suggested a sav-  
age satisfaction that things had hap-  
pened thus. "Of course, we had  
orders to spare her, but... in the  
dark... well! it's nobody's fault!  
We'll carry the bodies to our com-  
manding officer."

To himself, he added, "Anyhow,  
what reason can he have had for  
wanting to spare that savage beast?  
Perhaps it was just because she was  
a woman!"

At the appointed assembly point,  
meanwhile, Marcus Adonias stood  
listening to the report of one of his  
officers, the centurion Cornelius.

"We have taken no prisoners,  
sir," the centurion was saying, "and  
I think that very few have escaped  
us. We've cut the Gordian knot!"

Marcus heard him, but it seemed  
as though his thoughts were else-  
where. He was trembling, as though  
suffering from fever. The emotional  
shocks of the previous two days had  
exhausted him and now he felt ter-  
ribly depressed. His furious rage  
had cooled.

Of his longing for vengeance there  
remained only the pitiful ashes. He  
remembered the words of Jesus and  
realised that revenge had brought  
him no joy.

To all this was added a horrible  
and unconquerable feeling of anxiety  
as regards his mother.

Impatiently he awaited the arrival  
of Tricongius to make certain that  
nothing had been seen of her in that  
part of the wood. At last Tricongius  
appeared. On arriving within ten  
paces of his Commanding Officer he  
dismounted, and came forward, lead-  
ing his horse by the bridle.

In horror, Marcus stared at a body  
lying over the horse's quarters.

"Sir," said Tricongius, "I could  
not carry out your orders. In the  
darkness we could not distinguish  
her, and we have killed the Ama-  
zon."

Dazed, Marcus approached. Then,  
as though struck by a stone, he  
uttered a cry and fell senseless.

News of the Roman victory spread  
like lightning through all the awe-  
stricken countryside, and was being  
discussed in Jerusalem soon after the  
arrival of the official report.

It was rumored that the secret  
of the identity of Eleazar's famous  
Amazon had at last been solved. She  
was Micol, daughter of Phabi, and  
mother of Marcus Adonias. She  
had been slain, together with Eleazar.

It was reported also that the  
Roman lady abducted by the brigands  
had been none other than Varilla,  
daughter of Quintillus Varus, former  
Governor of Syria.

That same news had reached  
Caesarea even before it reached  
Jerusalem, and Pilatus immediately  
suspected that the wily old banker,  
Saramalla, had been involved in the  
capture of Varilla.

Caravans of the old Sadducee had  
never before been attacked, yet this  
one had been, though it offered no  
prospects of valuable loot.

It would seem that the son of  
Gratus, with his youthful inexperience,  
probably after having helped  
to organise the escape of his lady-  
love from Rhegium, had foolishly  
entrusted to Saramalla's henchmen  
the duty of guarding her. And they  
had delivered her into the hands of  
the Zealots so that they might wreak  
their vengeance on Marcus Adonias.

Please turn to page 56



Keep  
Fresher!



Feel  
Smoother!



Stay  
Daintier!

KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then  
shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all  
over the body. How fresh it leaves  
you. And cool! Divinely cool!

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have proved you may break the laxa-  
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# Mother of Four has Girl's Figure

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Life's a bustling round-the-clock joy to Mrs. M. J. Woolford, of 45 Columbine Avenue, Bankstown, N.S.W.

## READ WHAT SHE SAYS:

"I'm enclosing snaps of myself taken in swim suit to show you how Kruschen Salts have helped to keep my figure. This snap was only taken a few weeks ago.

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haven't time to be studying one's figure, so I think I can thank Kruschen Salts for keeping me slim and young looking.

"My daily dose is enough to cover 6d. in a full glass of warm water. I don't suffer from aches or pains and I haven't any varicose veins as you sometimes find with women of my age; so, my advice to both women and men is to start now taking a daily dose of Kruschen Salts.

"It not only makes you fit, but keeps you tip top all the time. I also play both violin and piano and love dancing. I can do any type of fancy work.

"At intervals I go to business. I am a machinist so I have a very busy life. You can use this letter and snaps if you so desire. I have been taking Kruschen Salts since I had my last baby when I was 26 years (12 years all told)."



"Mrs. Woolford reared four, enjoys a full vigorous life and is slim as a girl—'Thanks to Kruschen.'"

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## The Unknown Disciple

ON one point Pilatus was doubtful. Did the son of Gratus know that the Amazon was his mother? If so how did he come to know it, and did he know it before, or only after, his attack on the band?

"Not even the call of blood-relationship means anything to this brutal breed," he concluded. "In any case, I'll go to Jerusalem and see for myself."

He entered Jerusalem the following day, ordered the immediate arrest of Saramalla, then summoned Marcus Adonias.

Pilatus now knew that the young man had undertaken the operations against Eleazar with full knowledge of the fact that his mother was a member of the brigand band.

"You are no Roman!" he told him at the end of a violent diatribe. "The tainted blood that you have inherited from your mother has defiled whatever nobility you may have had from the House of Valerius."

"Your offence is grave, and I shall so report to Caesar. He shall be the judge! In the meantime, pending any decision from Rome, I order you to quit the army at once."

Marcus raised his agonised eyes to meet those of Pilatus. He would have preferred to be deep underground rather than hear it said of him that he was no Roman. After a few moments' silence he spoke.

"I obey, I leave the army, as you order me to do, but bear in mind, Pontius Pilatus, that this comes after I have, like a good Roman soldier, carried out the task you assigned to me. You ordered me to destroy Eleazar's band, and I have destroyed it, though I knew my mother was fighting in their ranks."

"When reporting my offence to the Emperor, report that also, so that he, who was my father's friend and has always given me his protection, may not have to judge me unworthy of my ancestors."

Having spoken thus, he laid down his arms and badges of rank, then turned and left the tablinum, a broken man.

With Varilla dead, his mother lost

Continued from page 54

to him in such tragic circumstances, and his army career at an end, there seemed nothing left to him.

In his misery, one thing only seemed to emerge. This was the memory of the Rabbi of Nazareth.

At every turning-point in his life, since arriving in Palestine, the figure of that mysterious and disturbing personality had appeared before him.

If he were to turn to that artisan from Nazareth he might be able to give him some grain of comfort, and show him, now that he was so sorely in need of guidance, what road he should take.

Extraordinary rumors about the man were then current in Jerusalem. It was said that he was moving from village to village performing miracles, healing the sick, and cleansing lepers.

Marcus put little faith in these stories. The East was full of sorcerers and "healers" of the same kind. If this man were really capable of working miracles, why had he not kept Varilla alive?

No, despite all the fascination that he exercised, Jesus was just a sage, a philosopher who possessed some of the secrets of wisdom. He would go and ask his advice.

Right then, pilgrims were pouring into Jerusalem for the Feast of the Tabernacles. The whole Mount of Olives was already covered with their tents and hutments. If, as was probable, Jesus came to Jerusalem on this occasion, he would meet him and invite him to his house.

The Feast of the Tabernacles followed hard upon two disturbing events, the destruction of Eleazar's band and the death of John the Baptist.

The stern Preacher of the Jordan, arrested by Herod Antipas a few months before, had been decapitated as though in jest, in the course of a banquet in the fortress of Machaerus.

But as such political events and misfortunes served only to exasperate the nationalistic feelings of the Hebrews, the influx of pilgrims was greater than usual on this occasion.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Adam's apple, for instance (9, 5).
- Strong headwind is mostly a proverb (15).
- Chant and permit a man's underwear (7).
- A nobleman's forest in Surrey is full of foolish-minded people (9).
- Five hundred and one heavy vehicle to set out in an oriental country (15).
- Refuge of tea before atmospheric moisture (3).
- Kind mostly of coin (7).
- Those born in the country are in a rage (7).
- Unimportant person, or the first half of a very important policeman (5).
- Part of the Alps between valleys of Drave and Danube (3).
- Twist over (anagram, 3).
- Previous scene in a dim red (7).
- Nonsense out of the stomach of an ox (5).
- These tools of a smith result in a vigorous contest if you go at it (10, 3, 9).

### Solution to last week's crossword

TEMPLE RESENTS  
H I A T A C  
E SHABBY GAMBIA  
P S R L M B O L  
RAIN REMEDIAL  
I O A T T L S  
M N A G S M E D I A N O  
R E O S R Z E F  
O R A R I T Y R E N O J  
S A A T R L U  
E V O L U M E N T M I S S  
P P A P L T T I E  
A D E P T S G A L O S I C  
T R E N M O I C  
H E A R S E S D E S A C L E

### DOWN

- A Siberian river and a domestic are acute in taking notice (9).
- The swaddlers are typically sober (5).
- To misrepresent Diana's legal wrong (7).
- You cannot have it without a tail, yet this costume is not for monkeys (14, 3).
- Occupants of ten six-footers (7).
- Drive in hand-hole of a gun (4).
- This natural receptive sounds to require us (5).
- In a probationary period no five I see I contained (9).
- The devil wandering and getting better (9).
- Negative of the same kind, yet the best (7).
- Salute by firearms for a saving clause (5).
- Add vine (anagram, 7).
- Turncoat that woman is greater extent (8).
- Proportion of a traitor and an acknowledgment of debt, but not you (8).

Solution will be published next week.

to compete with the firmament above.

The disciples had entreated Jesus to show himself in Jerusalem during this Feast, and to make himself known by performing some of his miracles; but he had refused to appear until the last day.

On that day, followed by his disciples and some hundreds of men from Galilee, he appeared from under the porticoes of the Temple.

In a short while, the word went round, and Jesus was beset by a dense crowd of pilgrims and Pharisees, eager to see him and ply him with questions.

The simple-minded disciples, long-lingering that he should secure recognition in Jerusalem, the abode of all the Doctors and Commentators of the Law, were insistent that he should preach, and, above all, perform some miracles.

Jesus listened to them, but sorrowfully and moodily. His love for them was great, he knew their purity of heart, but he saw that at bottom they were attracted more by what was wonderful in his daily labors than by what was humble and spiritual.

Please turn to page 58

Gifts to Enjoy...  
Gifts to Treasure...

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[Is that 'someone' you?]




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**BRIGHTEST COLOURS**

 Mrs. H. Gay of Cecily Street, Lilyfield, N.S.W., says, "I have found I cannot get whites really white any other way than by using New Persil. In fact, people often ask me how I manage to keep my white things so nice, and I always say 'With Persil' — nothing else," and it is true."

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YES, FOR ALL YOUR WASH NEW PERSIL GIVES THE BEST RESULTS

**NEW PERSIL FOR  
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New Persil's busy suds get to work in a jiffy dissolving grease. Your dishes come out gleaming ... what's more, with Persil so gentle, hands are so safe.



**NEW PERSIL GIVES EXTRA CLEANNES - EXTRA GENTLY**



**S**ONS of the people, ingenuous and feeble in intellect, the disciples, Jesus knew, as yet understood nothing of his mission or of the heroic discipline it demanded of Man, if that free-willed and independent creature were to be shaped into a pale image of his Creator.

They, too, like the rest of the throng, demanded miracles and healings. They looked on him as a magician.

Of all the disciples, the one who most clearly manifested this state of mind was the restless, fanatical Judas of Keriot. He could not resign himself to the idea that the Master would not, on an occasion like this, accomplish some wonderful unheard-of action such as would consecrate him Prophet of the Hebrew People.

Groups of Zealots, former companions of his, gathered round him and eyed him with mocking eyes. It seemed they were laughing at him for a simpleton.

One of them, standing near him, whispered: "That Prophet of yours does all his miracles amongst those clodhoppers in Galilee. Here in Jerusalem he doesn't dare risk it!"

Judas was quivering with impatience. In the middle of the crowd a number of sick people were calling out and clamoring for the Rabbi of Nazareth, but Jesus, apparently meditating on something that entirely engrossed his attention, gave no sign of hearing them.

"Master!" cried Judas, clutching at Jesus' mantle, "I implore you, cure one of these sick people, so that these arrogant Pharisees may be convinced that you are greater than Elijah or John!"

"Very well!" replied Jesus. "To-day I shall cure a sick woman, and none of you will notice it!"

Just then there appeared a person

clad in a great red cloak, and wearing two broad phylacteries on his forehead. He was a rich Pharisee known in the city by the name of Simon the Leper.

Approaching Jesus, he addressed him thus: "Master, I have heard much of you and your doctrine. I, too, should like to consult you on points of the Law. Will you come and dine at my house?"

Jesus understood very well that Simon's purpose was neither kindly nor disinterested. The man was only inviting him to dinner so as to get him to talk, and thus give him a chance of picking holes in his teaching. Nevertheless, he gladly accepted the invitation.

"I will come," he said, smiling, "because it is in your house that I am going to perform this day's cure!"

Simon pursed his lips. "Master, there are no sick people in my house; how, then, can you perform the cure you speak of?"

"Try not to teach the physician what he should do to cure his patient!" retorted Jesus. With that he turned and left the precincts of the Temple, followed by his unexpected host and his disciples.

The house of Simon the Leper was in the quarter of the Old City near the house of Marcus Adonias, and when Jesus arrived there, with a procession of people following behind him, the doors of the dining-hall on the ground floor stood wide open and the table was set.

Evidently Simon had planned his invitation long beforehand and had counted on its being accepted. When the guests had entered, the hall was at once filled by others who crowded in.

In Palestine, the place where a rich person dined became a sort of public assembly in which the master

*Continued from page 56*

of the house, reclining on a raised couch, paraded his wealth and, at the same time, his erudition.

The poor and the merely curious entered sedately, squatted with their backs to the walls, and, while regaling themselves with the delights of hearing wisdom expounded, waited also for the servers to bring them a bowl of soup or a slice of barley-loaf soaked in honey.

On entering the hall, Jesus, dusty and his skin parched after a long journey on foot under the blazing sun, waited anxiously for a servant to come forward, as was customary, to pour water on his feet and hands. He felt a real need for that refreshment.

But none appeared. All the servants treated him with marked indifference, especially when they saw that their own master never gave him the kiss of welcome, the normal token of hospitality.

**A**S though dealing with a culprit on whom he was to pass judgment, Simon invited Jesus to take his place opposite him on one of the couches already arranged round the table, and ordered the dishes to be brought. Then he at once began his interrogation.

"Master," he said, "I am aware that you teach the imminence of the coming of that Kingdom of Heaven which the Lord our God has promised us by the mouth of the prophets. But when do you think that will come about? Are there signs to show that the time of it is ripe?"

"Well, Simon," replied Jesus, "no good servant awaits orders from his master to set about doing his duties. A diligent servant knows what he has to do, and does it early, singing

cheerily the while. What merit would be yours if you were to await the coming of that Kingdom before doing right and observing the Law?"

Simon made no reply and Jesus went on talking.

"As for signs, what can I say? You seem to think that the Kingdom can come like a pilgrim on a camel, or a tax-collector blowing a bugle. No, Simon! It is with you, among you all, and none of you see it!"

Quite disconcerted, Simon moved uneasily on his couch and tried to think of other questions to put. But a fresh development upset his plans. Among the curious folk assembled to see Jesus there suddenly appeared one whose arrival caused a murmur of protest.

It was Miriam of Magdala, the famous courtesan known to everyone in Jerusalem.

When he saw her coming Simon shook with indignation, and, because she was regarded as unclean, his first thought was to have her turned out. Then a more crafty thought restrained him.

"Let us see," he said to himself, "whether this so-called prophet can recognise what the woman is!"

Miriam, as though she sought to exercise her fascination on the young prophet about whom there had been so much talk, had donned a gorgeous tunic. For a waistbelt she wore a golden cord, over her hair was a lace-work net of emeralds.

With a small alabaster jar in her hand she seated herself on the threshold of the open door.

Jesus called to her: "Miriam, you have a gift for me! Come over here!"

Astonished that one she had never yet set eyes on should address her by her name, she came forward and then, overcome by irresistible emotion, she knelt at his feet, threw her arms around them, and sobbed.

**I**N a storm of tears, Miriam murmured, "Lord are you not afraid of making yourself unclean by having me near you? Do you not see that I am a sinner?"

"Indeed," replied Jesus, "it was to call you to me that I came here."

Gently stroking her magnificent golden-red hair, he went on: "From to-day you shall love only me—and I shall not abandon you like your other lovers, for my love comes from my soul and goes to your soul. It is a love springing from life eternal."

For a moment she stared at him bewildered, then she again hugged his dust-covered feet and ankles.

Seeing that the feet were cracked and blistered by the heat and the long tramps through the Galilean countryside, she broke the little alabaster jar and began to rub them with the precious ointment.

"Are you already preparing me for burial?" he asked, gently but sadly.

She scarcely seemed to hear him, whispering as though in ecstasy: "Lord, why are you so good to me? I shall love only you, and I shall follow you wherever you go, that I too may enter into the Kingdom."

The others watched this scandalous scene with indignation, Judas of Keriot, who formerly had been a frequent visitor to Miriam's house, avoided her eyes and made pretence of never having seen her before.

In the end Simon, interpreting the general feeling and concerned for the reputation of his own house, burst forth angrily.

"Rabbi," he said, "you are causing a scandal under my roof! You call yourself a learned man and you cannot even see that you are talking to a public prostitute? You even keep her close to you, caress her and accept her perfumes!"

*Please turn to page 68*



There's a message for YOU in Mary's letter



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Daddy, for that wonderful gift—my  
Dandee rotary ironer! It's the most  
marvellous thing I've ever owned.  
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xx Betty  
x John  
Mary

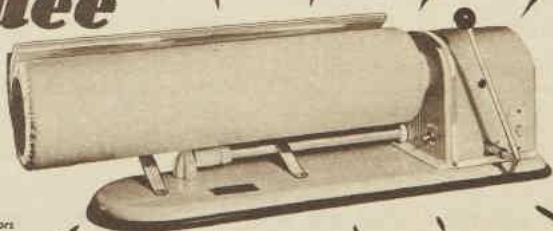
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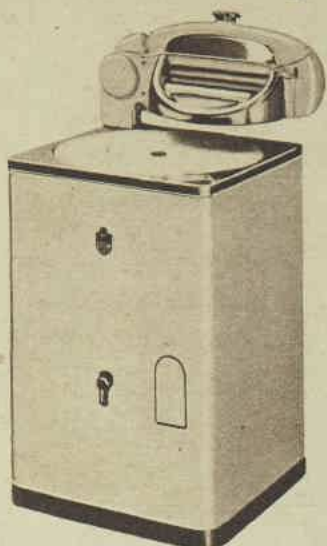
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Embroidery telephone book cover can be gay as well as useful if you embroider it in bright colors. Designs are traced on good quality British headcloth in blue, green, natural, and lemon. Price 4/3, postage 4½d.

### No. 710.—FOUR D'OYLEYS

Four d'oyleys, four designs, traced ready to make in pretty multi-spotted organdie on white, pale pink, blue, and green. Prices: Linen 1/- each, set of four, 3/9; organdie 9d. each, or set of four 2/9. Postage 2½d. each, and 4½d. for set.

### No. 711.—LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

A frock for the young lass cut out ready to make in pretty multi-spotted organdie on white, pale pink, blue, and green. Prices: Length 18in., 3yrs., 17/3; postage 1/1. Length 20in., 4yrs., 18/9; postage 1/3. Length 22in., 5yrs., 19/6; postage 1/3.

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Easy to wear and easy to make in gay floral seersucker in tonings of red and navy, or sage-blue and light blue, both on white grounds. Prices: No. 712, 7/11, postage 10½d. No. 713, 4/11, postage 6½d. Mother's apron will fit any size. Daughter's apron measures 18in., 3yrs.; 19in., 3yrs.; 20in., 4yrs.; 23in., 5yrs.

### No. 714.—PYJAMA SUIT

Lace-trimmed pyjama suit is cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine or lovely raytrousse satin in white, pale pink, and blue. Prices: Bust 32-34in., 33/6; postage 2/-; Bust, 36-38in., 35/9; postage 2/-.

When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

**"ROBIN"** Housegown.—A housegown made in a comfortable cross-over style, with full skirt, patch pockets, and short cuffed sleeves. The material is pretty floral seersucker in mauve with gold on white ground, turquoise with dark blue on beige ground, deep rose with gold on white ground, rose-pink with blue on yellow ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 82/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 64/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

**"RUTH"** Nightgown.—Fine lace trims the puffed sleeves, square neck, and full skirt of this dainty nightgown. Available in white jacquard lingerie crepe, pale pink lingerie crepe, or pink and white floral satin.

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice of "Robin" and "Ruth." No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 69.



## Talking BIG

By T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from  
The Wendel Special  
W to XXXXXXOS  
Fashion Salon

THE jacketed sun-dress has certainly swept Sydney . . . for cool comfort during the summer months nothing could be more suitable! It's no wonder I've had them made in sizes right up to 60 inch bust measurements. They're also very flattering to the larger woman. Choose from Sydney's largest collection in such fabrics as British cotton or wonderful seersucker. Mail your order for one today!

★ ★ ★

**JUST ARRIVED!** A shipment of summer coats made from English gabardine . . . wonderful, basic colours of fawn, beige, donkey-brown. Sizes from 38 to 60 inch bust measurements. The price a mere £10/19/11. Other styles in lightweight wool, all colours and sizes. Only £6/17/6. See these while stocks are plentiful!

★ ★ ★

FOR cool flattery nothing can compare with a silk jersey dress . . . particularly when done in crisp stripes. In sizes WX, SOS, OS, XOS only £3/0/11. Also famous Leroy imported floral silk dresses in soft, pastel shades. Sizes WX, SOS, OS, XOS, £4/11/11. XXOS to XXXXXXOS, £5/1/6.

★ ★ ★

A TYPICAL example of the sensibility of my prices is a British cotton dress in several smart styles—wonderful florals in gay colours. The sizes range from WX to XXXXXXOS and they are priced at a low, low 17/11. Write, phone, or call for yours tomorrow.

★ ★ ★

FROM now until Christmas festivities begin you'll be called upon to attend many parties (probably with very little time to prepare). I suggest you see my extra special dresses for more formal occasions—one in particular is in plain crepe lavishly beaded and pin-tucked. They're in all sizes and priced from 4gns. to 17gns.

★ ★ ★

THERE is no need to tell you charming ladies how popular a dress made in Courtland's crepe is . . . but I am sure you didn't expect to buy one for as little as 59/6 did you? Yes, right now I have a wonderful selection of florals combined with gay summer colours of blue, autumn, gold, lilac, rose, aqua. Sizes W, SOS, OS, XOS, 59/6.

★ ★ ★

I CONSIDER this the best value in town! A jacketed sun-dress trimmed with crisp, white pique. Dress and jacket made from British cotton that's guaranteed fadeless. Gay designs in cherry, aqua, navy, green, or mid-blue, autumn. XW, 29/11; OS, SOS, XOS, XXOS, 32/11.

★ ★ ★

ANOTHER style done in seersucker . . . jacket has flattering rolled collar and single button. They're in aqua, mid-blue, or wine florals. SSW, SW, W, OS, XOS, 59/11.

*T. Wendel Hills*

1st Floor, 147a King St., Sydney. MA5794.  
T. & G. Bldg., 303a Elizabeth St. MA5503.





Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

## At last I'm free to look after my little family— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

### Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or headaches

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year. Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

**Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs.**

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief from the painful,

crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

### How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress,

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your aches and pains and tiredness vanish, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.



Start a course to-day

**DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS**  
6/6 AND 3/6 EVERYWHERE

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

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# FAMILY AFFAIRS

## 'Making things' more fun than toys

By DOROTHY GREEN

This is the time of the year when mothers' eyes begin to get a glazed, fixed look, when fathers' fingers fidget uneasily among the small change in their pockets or the notes in their wallets.

Soon, most parents will surge into town, plunge into a frenzy of shoppers, and emerge with sore feet and splitting headaches, plus an outrageously expensive salvage of toys—thankful at any cost to have kept faith once more with their offspring.

It rarely seems to occur to anyone to ask whether the task is worth the trouble, particularly from the child's point of view. If the thought does occur, it is pushed away as cynical and mean-spirited.

But after considering the play of a healthy, average child throughout the year, it is amazing that most people flog themselves to exhaustion point and spend far more money than they can afford to provide a boy with the latest craze from overseas, or buy a girl "a better doll than Mary Smith's."

My own observations, though necessarily limited, are that the elaborate plastics, elegant dolls "too good to take outside," and easily broken trifles remain on the shelf most of the time because their owners are too busy to play with them.

The children are off building cubby-houses in the garden, "borrowing" father's tools and your old hat, or playing shop with discarded tins, empty grocery packets, old bottles, and jam-jars full of sand.

A child's instinct—when it isn't perverted by adult values—is to do, not simply to possess. He doesn't want objects merely to have a collection of them, but because he wants to handle, use, explore, or build with them. The acquisitive side of the business is forced by too-adoring parents, friends, and relatives, and

by giving in when the child asks: "Well, Tommy Jones has one; why can't I?"

It is doubtful whether any toy, however elaborate, gives the average child as much pleasure as some thing he has put together for himself.

A small boy of my acquaintance recently spent days of pure happiness making his own play with a bank of ragged electrical cord, a rusty screwdriver, and an old plug. He spends his mornings in the garden "wiring up."

My own daughter has a passion for all sorts of building and engineering operations. Her "official" toys gather dust on the shelves.

Now is a good time to pause and ask ourselves whether it is in children's best interests to encourage their acquisitiveness rather than their imagination and urge to make and to do.

In choosing toys as in choosing anything else there is one safe, guiding principle: "Do not have anything in your house which you do not seriously believe to be beautiful, or know to be useful."

To take the second point first: If we paused to consider what use a

child could make of a toy in his daily play, we should benefit both the child and our harassed selves.

It is easy to give the child pleasure if one starts from the child's point of view instead of one's own.

If he likes to draw, why give him expensive mechanical monsters? If your purse won't stretch to real paint boxes and artists' materials, you could make up, at little cost, a painting kit with large crayons, pots of home-made poster paint, an assortment of brushes, and a big roll of drawing paper.

If he likes to build, why not get the local carpenter to make him a large box of plain wooden bricks?

Make up a box of cheap, adult tools instead of buying gimcrack miniature imitations.

Boycott shoddiness of workmanship, whether it's the Christmas rush or not.



TYPICAL of children's preference to play by "doing" things is the project of these under-floes.

## THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

IT was time for three-year-old Marilyn to go to bed. "Do you want to wear your blue pyjamas or your pink ones?" was the question her mother used to ask.

When Billy was due for a bath, his father gave him a chance to turn on the taps and to decide whether the water was too warm or too cool.

If children are given the opportunity to make choices, however simple, when they are very young, they will gradually learn to make the more important decisions when they are older.

Children must be protected, of course. But those whose parents make every choice for them have a far more difficult time when it comes to making decisions on their own as they grow older than the children who had been given opportunities when they were younger. There are even adults who are completely bewildered when they need to buy clothes because mother has always done the selecting.

In all sorts of everyday activities there are chances for children to learn to choose. In the choosing they develop self-reliance.

The question of beauty is more difficult and subtle.

Left to themselves, children have natural good taste, and are often outraged by monstrosities produced on their behalf.

H. G. Wells has a moving and significant passage on this subject in one of his later novels. He tells the story of a little boy with devoted parents who had stocked his nursery with "every variety of humorous idiocy and visual beastliness."

One day the little boy found a delicate brass Mercury which had fallen from the radiator cap of a car. It became his most passionately loved possession, simply because of its beauty—"the one dignified and serious thing in a little life much congested by the quaint, the burlesque, and all the smiling, dull condescensions of adult love."

Let us stop condescending this Christmas...



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# Salad Time

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

**Many a simple luncheon or dinner has become a meal to remember by the addition of a cool, colorful salad of sweet or savory ingredients.**

**S**ALAD plates served as a main course should include some satisfying protein food such as meat, cheese, eggs or fish.

Appetiser or dessert salads (the latter usually fruit, sometimes jellied) may be as light and colorful as you care to make them.

For truly topline salads, have all ingredients garden-fresh, crisp, and cool.

Whether you choose to arrange the salad on one large platter or individual plates you have the opportunity of using all your creative skill.

Here are suggestions for flavor and color combinations in salads, and hints on preparing ingredients.

## ASPARAGUS AND EGG SALAD (See color photograph)

Home-cooked asparagus, white or green, is not difficult to prepare, and when in season is less expensive (and easier to obtain) than the canned variety.

This is the way to cook it: Cut off at least 1 in. of the lower part of the stalk, more if sticks are large and thick. Wash well, scrape stalks thoroughly with downward strokes of the knife. Tie sticks into a bundle, trimming ends

again (if necessary) to fit bundle into saucepan in an upright position. End pieces may be chopped and dropped into saucepan separately. Fill pan with boiling salted water to within 2 in. of tips. Cover closely, cook gently 30 to 35 minutes or until quite tender. Tips cook in the steam. Lift out carefully, untie, and allow to become cold before using in a salad.

Combine cooked asparagus sticks with stuffed hard-boiled eggs (yolks mashed, extended with mashed potato, and flavored with grated onion, salt, and cayenne pepper), sliced cucumber, lettuce or cress, celery curls, and radish roses. Serve with mayonnaise or cooked salad-dressing.

## STUFFED TOMATO SALAD (See color photograph)

Tomatoes, cut into wedges as illustrated and stuffed with savory fillings, make a satisfying main ingredient in a salad.

In the salad illustrated the stuffed tomatoes are combined with cauliflower flowerets (raw if very young; par-boiled if not so young and tender), thinly sliced radishes, grated carrot, celery and lettuce.

*Continued on page 66*

CUT firm, well-shaped tomatoes into wedges, leaving base uncut and making 3 or 4 cuts as desired. Separate wedges slightly, fill centre with softened cream cheese, potato salad, chicken or fish salad.

★

WASH and dry firm young cucumber, green or white, and leave unpeeled. Score lengthwise with a fork, cut into thin slices. If preferred, skin may be removed first. Same method may be used for bananas.

★

ALUMINIUM egg-slicer is convenient for slicing eggs for salads. Crack shells of eggs as soon as cooked, cover with cold water. Start peeling from air-pocket end. Rinse slicer with cold water before using.





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AT THE END OF THE DAY, cool and inviting food, like jellied chicken and avocado, will give keenness to midsummer appetites. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

## £5 for summer recipe

**JELLIED chicken avocado** mould, a popular warm weather luncheon or dinner dish, wins a cash prize of £5 in this week's cookery contest.

All spoon measurements are level.

### JELLIED CHICKEN AVOCADO

One 3½ to 4lb. boiling fowl, 2 slices onion, 2 or 3 celery leaves, 1 small carrot, 2 tablespoons gelatine, 3½ cups chicken stock, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, salt, pepper, 1 firm, ripe avocado, 1 cup finely diced celery, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2 extra teaspoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon curry powder.

Wash and joint fowl; place in pan with onion, celery leaves, chopped carrot, salt. Cover with water, simmer until fowl is quite tender, or pressure cook 35 to 40 minutes in ½ to ¾ pint water. Reserve 3½ cups of the stock; if pressure cooked add extra water to make 3½ cups. Soften gelatine in 1 cup stock, mix with balance, stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, onion, salt, and pepper to taste. Set about ½ cup in wetted mould. Peel avocado, cut half into lengthwise slices. Arrange in mould. Add a little more jelly, chill. Mix diced chicken flesh with celery and other half of avocado cut into dice. Fill into mould, chill until firm. Unmould, serve with salad ingredients and mayonnaise flavored with extra lemon juice and curry powder. Makes 8 servings.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. S. Mitchell, 14 Ashby St., Fairfield, S.S., Qld.

### BREAD SAVORY

(A simple, satisfying, and appetising substitute for potatoes.)

Three or four cups crumbled

stale bread (include a few pieces of crust), boiling water, 1 small onion, pepper, salt, dried herbs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon good clarified fat, rolled oats.

Place bread in basin large enough to allow room for bread to swell. Cover with boiling water, allow to stand 1 to 2 hours. Drain off any unabsorbed water, beat until smooth. Add finely diced onion, salt, pepper, herbs, melted butter, and fat. Beat in sufficient rolled oats to stiffen the mixture. Beat two or three minutes. Pour into baking dish, base barely covered with melted fat. Bake in hot oven. Turn out and cut into blocks to serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Humphries, 150 Headland Rd., Deewhy, N.S.W.

### CHRISTMAS PUDDING

One pound beef suet, ½lb. white sugar, ½lb. brown sugar, ½lb. dates, ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. mixed peel, ½lb. fine white breadcrumbs, 3oz. blanched almonds, ½lb. plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 9 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, grated rind and juice of 1 orange, 4 tablespoons rum or brandy.

Mince suet finely, mix with sugar, breadcrumbs, almonds, and sifted dry ingredients. Add fruit, fold in beaten eggs and vanilla, then orange rind and juice and spirits. Fill into 2 well-greased basins, cover with greased paper, then pudding cloth. Tie tightly. Plunge into boiling water, cook about 8 hours. Day of serving boil 2 to 3 hours longer.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Tennant, 3 Donald St., Launceston, Tas.

## Salad time

Continued from page 65

**CREAM** cheese, which is used to stuff the tomatoes, is softened by beating in fresh milk, a tablespoon at a time. Extra salt is often necessary to improve flavor; a pinch of cayenne and a grating of onion, or the addition of chopped pickled onion, gherkin, or parsley, pep up the flavor, too. A dusting of paprika on the cream cheese after the tomatoes are stuffed gives a dressed-up appearance.

For fresh appetising look prepare ingredients and assemble salad as near to serving time as possible.

### NEW-STYLE FRUIT SALAD

(See color photograph)

Fruit salad is one of the most popular of summer sweets. It is not easy to work variety into the fruit combination, but it is easy to present the salad in an attractive fashion by keeping each fruit separate and distinct.

Bananas are the most temperamental of all fruits. Whether they are sliced or cut into lengthwise sections, it is essential that they be drenched with lemon juice (or the juice or syrup of pineapple) as soon as they are cut; this prevents discoloration.

All fruit for fruit salad should be prepared with a stainless knife.

Tinned or fresh fruit, or a combination of both, is improved by the addition of syrup. This may be the syrup from tinned fruit, or a syrup made from the natural juices of fresh fruit, plus sugar.

Papaw or melon balls, made with a melon-baller (a kitchen gadget available for a small sum), are an unusual touch in the salad illustrated. Other fruits used are peaches, strawberries, pineapple, banana, and grapes. Any fruits in season may be used in place of the ones suggested.



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NOT in the least abashed, Jesus answered: "Simon, answer me this one question. A creditor had two debtors, one of whom owed him five hundred denarii, the other fifty. As neither of them could pay his debt, the creditor forgave it in both cases. Which of the two should have been the more grateful to him?"

"The one who owed the most, of course!" answered Simon.

"You have judged rightly. Well, you see this woman? I entered your house, and you never gave me the kiss of welcome. She cannot stop kissing my feet. You never ordered a servant to bring me refreshing water, and she has refreshed me with her tears. You never provided perfume for my hair, but she has cleansed and perfumed my feet. For that, her heavy debt is forgiven her."

Miriam, who had been listening intently, raised her arms and with a look of ecstasy in her face, began to call out: "Lord! O Lord! . . ."

Then she broke into a hysterical peal of laughter, her eyes rolled, and foaming at the mouth she fell backwards on the floor, where she lay quivering.

A cry of horror arose from the hall. "Satan! Satan!" She is possessed of the Devil!

"Throw her out into the street!" roared Simon.

But Jesus said sternly, "Touch her not! She is not possessed! It is only that her flesh is weak. Did I not promise that to-day I would cure someone?"

Then leaning over her, and gently touching her on the forehead with one hand, he called: "Miriam!"

As though awaking from a nightmare, she sat upright, and looked about her, bewildered.

"Rabboni . . . I heard your voice. Were you calling me?"

"Yes, I called you," said Jesus, taking her by the hand. "Because you have much loved, much shall be pardoned you. Rise, and go. Your sins are forgiven!"

The scandal caused in Jerusalem by this event was tremendous. A mere nobody, a humble carpenter from Galilee, after making an indecent scene in the house of a Pharisee, had dared to utter sacrilegious words, laying claim to a faculty reserved entirely to God, that of forgiving sins. He ought to be stoned to death.

In fact a number of young Zealots went in search of Jesus, meaning to drag him to the Temple and there confront him with the Doctors; but after taking a frigid leave of Simon he had gone away in the direction of Bethany.

Marcus had made up his mind that day to go also in search of him, but at the last moment he gave up the idea. He felt ashamed, as a Roman, of being seen in the company of these rough Galileans, all the more so because, with the whole city en fete, the streets were full of soldiers, and Pontius Pilatus still stayed on at the Antonia Tower.

Instead, he decided to meet Jesus outside the City. Accordingly, that afternoon, taking with him his faithful servant Simon and old Megacles, he went out by the Jericho Gate and took the road to Bethany, where Jesus often used to stay in the house of Lazarus, a relative of Simon's.

But at Bethany they failed to find the Prophet, who after a very short rest and some refreshment had gone on towards Galilee.

"We'll go there, too!" said Marcus.

By this time life in Jerusalem had

## The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 58

become a nightmare for him. He found relief only in the open solitude of the countryside.

With his servants he walked until late in the night, and again the following day, without overtaking Jesus, who with his disciples had moved on towards Tiberias.

At Tiberias they learned that he had passed through a few hours before. He had cured some sick people and gone on to Capernaum.

It was late in the afternoon when they arrived within sight of the village, and as they approached the place Marcus felt his heart weigh heavy as a stone.

Here was the spot where Varilia and her caravan had been treacherously attacked. There by the shore, Marcus had seen his beloved for the last time, her eyes already shadowed by death. High in the distance rose the hills of Arbela, where his mother had been slain.

All the sorrows of his life seem to combine as if to prepare his spirit for decisive action.

Suddenly, near the turn in the road at the foot of a hillock, they saw a crowd of people who seemed to be preparing to bivouac. They hurried on.

As they came nearer, they saw that they were grouped in front of Jesus, who sat on a stone with his disciples reclining at his feet. Amongst them was Miriam of Magdala with her beautiful head of red-golden hair.

About two thousand pilgrims, all very poor, clad in rags, and with faces marked by suffering, were listening entranced to the preaching of the Master.

MARCUS joined the crowd, sat down in the grass, and listened also. But after a little he felt himself shivering in alarm. It seemed to him that he was there in an atmosphere of unreality.

The voice of Jesus seemed to amplify the serenity of the sky, to abolish space and time. He seemed to speak directly to that little particle of divinity that each person carries within him, making it vibrate with astounding resonance.

Listening to him, Marcus recalled in surprise how, when journeying towards Jerusalem on that now distant April morning, he had seen the pitiful throngs of pilgrims making their way towards the Holy City for the Passover, and had asked himself if it would ever be possible to teach them the meaning of joy.

And here was Jesus, the announcer of the New Kingdom, calling to himself just the same types—the derelicts, the poverty-stricken, the sick—and constituting them as the privileged ones of the new society!

"Blessed are those that suffer," Jesus was saying. "Blessed are they who suffer, for they shall be comforted."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for to them shall belong the Kingdom of Heaven! Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth!"

But what most fascinated Marcus was the fact that Jesus threw open the wonderful gates of a future life in which souls would reunite in an ideal community, under a protecting God who would reward virtue and punish vice.

In that case he might meet Varilia again, and live with her in divine tranquility.

As soon as Jesus finished speaking, Marcus approached. "Hail, Master!"

Jesus stepped forward to meet him. "Oh! Adonias, my friend!" he said, embracing him and kissing him on both cheeks. "Why have you kept us waiting so long for you?"

"Were you expecting me?" asked Marcus in surprise.

"Of course I was expecting you!" replied Jesus. "I expect all those who are suffering!"

"Master," said Marcus, "I have heard what you were saying. You spoke of a Kingdom of which I should like to form part. What must I do to enter into it?"

"You asked me that question once before," replied Jesus. "It was that night when you were my guest in the desert. And what was it that I said in answer? Be like the good farmer, sow the seed of your love in the hearts of your brethren, of all men, because he that seeks to keep his wealth shall lose it, and only he that sets it to fruitfully shall gain by it. So, do good, and love your neighbor as yourself."

"Master," said Marcus, "I have never harmed anyone deliberately. I was kind even to my slaves!"

"Good! Then there remains only one thing for you to do. Give all you possess to the poor, and follow me. I shall give you greater riches in the Kingdom of Heaven."

Marcus looked at him in dismay. Part with his wealth? Reduce himself to the level of paupers and slaves, of those without power or influence in the world!

"Adonias," said Miriam of Magdala, "look at me. I have done it myself, and I am happy and free as never before in all my life! Listen to what the Lord says, my child, and follow him!"

Marcus said nothing. Depressed and disappointed, he walked back to rejoin Megacles and Simon.

He found his two servants farther down the road and together they started to walk back to Jerusalem. As he went, he ruminated on the strange advice he had received. But his greatest shock came when he asked Megacles' opinion of it.

"Well, my son," said Megacles, "I have a feeling that the wisdom of this Jew is as deep as Father Ocean. You rich people are like a countryman who owns his own piece of land but knows nothing of the wealth of the bird who has all the air and the forests for itself. The wealth of a poor man lies in his spirit and in the freedom of that spirit. He is bound by no ties, and all goals lie open to him."

It was then that Marcus began to see the meaning of the far-reaching reconstruction for which Jesus wrought—the transformation of man from within.

"Fool that I am!" he said to himself. "How would it be possible to make a New World if the Old Man remains? That Old Man must die, and another arise from his ashes."

Thus it was that he came to a decision that surprised all Jerusalem.

"My old friends," he told Megacles and Simon, "from to-day this house is yours, and I shall be your guest whenever I am in Jerusalem."

Then he withdrew all his money from Glaphira, distributed it openly among the poor, clothed himself in linen, and like Miriam of Magdala set out for Galilee to find Jesus.

To be continued

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By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOU may wonder why you are weighed each month as part of the regular medical care during the pre-natal period.

A sudden marked increase in weight may be a danger signal of impending kidney trouble or of abnormal functioning of the thyroid gland.

Regular visits to your doctor or pre-natal clinic will ensure that the natural events of your baby's safe development and birth will run their normal course.

A leaflet giving helpful hints on the subject can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.



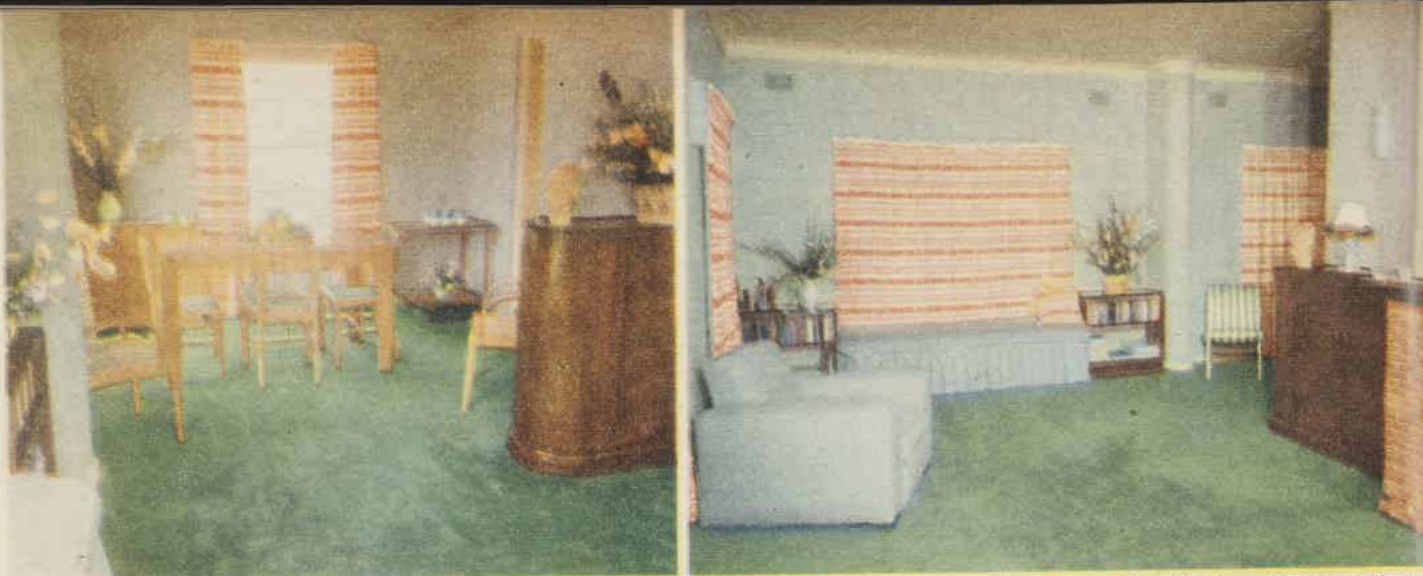
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DINING AREA and section of living-room (above) in Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkes' home at Mosman, Sydney. Walls are oyster-grey, with ivory ceiling and woodwork. Curtains are cherry-red and white in Hungarian rural design. Wall-to-wall carpet is moss-green.



RUMUS ROOM, which opens on to spacious terrace at rear of home, has arresting color scheme, grand dance floor.



MAIN BEDROOM (left) shows skilful combination of warm and cool colors — swimming-pool green for walls, rich copper and ivory for floor and furnishings.

DAUGHTER MADELON'S ROOM (right) has lavender-blue walls and carpet, blue-and-white covers and curtains. Modern furniture in Queensland maple.



## Vibrant colors are modern keynote

By Eve Gye

● Just over two years ago Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkes and daughter Madelon arrived from England to settle in Australia. After a fruitless search for a house they came to the conclusion that the only course was to build one.

THE land they chose commands glorious views and is just a short walk from Chinaman's Bay, at Mosman, Sydney.

The site is steep and building regulations at that time limited the Wilkes' to a small lay-out. But Mr. Wilkes and architect Julian Ashton worked out a design which suited the land and allowed for future extensions at small extra cost.

To-day the house is virtually completed, and it provides a splendid example of the modern trend towards vibrant color schemes.

Ground and first floor plans supplied by Mr. Wilkes will interest potential home-builders who are inclined to jib at the difficulties of a steep site.

The staircase leading from the first

floor to ground-floor level is situated at the centre of the plan. This is a feature worth noting.

The heart of the house on the first-floor level is the large living-room, which opens to the sun-verandah. The dining-room links up to form an L-shape, with the kitchen adjoining. Completing the square on the other side of the entrance hall on this level are the study, bedrooms, and bathroom.

Furnishings in the home are in perfect harmony with the bright, sunny rooms. Plain, smart lines and strikingly colored fabrics have been used, while spacious built-in cupboards provide ample and convenient storage space.

To keep down costs, Mr. Wilkes made cupboards from packing cases which brought their china, glass, and other treasures from England.





REAR VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes' home, Mosman, N.S.W., which is painted mushroom-pink, with sky-blue railings and woodwork.

He also secured a disused bus seat as a base for the smart divan in the living-room. Mrs. Wilkes made all the curtains, bedspreads, and cushions.

Vibrant color notes in the living-room, with its oyster-grey walls and ivory ceiling and woodwork, are the moss-green wall-to-wall carpet and cherry-red-and-white curtains in bold Hungarian rural design. Window-divan and chairs are upholstered in smart muted grey-and-white check fabric with occasional-chairs covered in similar fabric with primrose and white check.

Other arresting features of the living-room are the wide brick fireplace and built-in shelves and cupboards made by Mr. Wilkes which flank fireplace and window-divan.

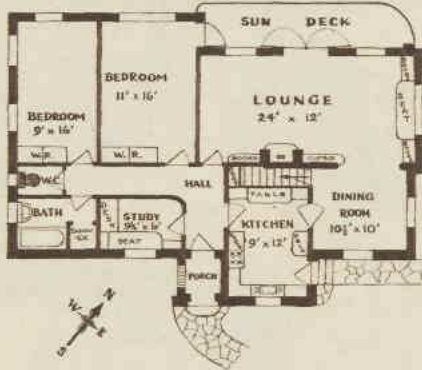
For the bedrooms, Mrs. Wilkes chose unusual colors. In the main bedroom, warm and cool colors have been cleverly combined. Walls are a swimming-pool green with ceiling and woodwork painted ivory. Rich copper-colored carpeting and pleated satin skirts of divan coverings supply the dominant color of the room, while the same tonings are repeated in the design of the Swedish peasant fabric in curtains and centre of divan coverings. Natural wood is used for the modern furniture.

Teenage daughter's room is one to please the heart of any young girl. With windows giving a splendid view of natural wooded surroundings, the soft lavender walls and carpet are smartly contrasted with junior blue and white in cotton fabric of divan and chair-covers.

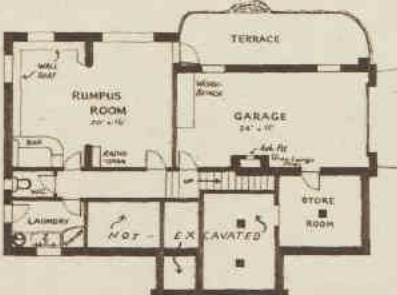
A lighter blue has been used for the curtains, which are similar in design. The overall effect is a glowing brightness.

Downstairs, the play-room, which opens to sun-terrace, includes a spacious dance floor and bar. A buoyant color scheme of cherry-red, green, and white give a delightfully care-free atmosphere.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes have given it unusual interest by the novel addition of reproductions in oil of many of the famous old English inn signs, which appear in shield-shape over the ventilators.



GROUND FLOOR and first floor were planned for a sloping site. This attractive layout will have special interest for home-builders.



DOMED ENTRANCE to the home is attractive. Brass-hinged door has novel knocker with peephole fitting brought from England.

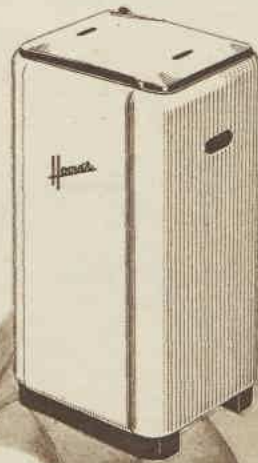
SUN-TERRACE leading off living-room and main bedroom. From here the family can enjoy extensive views of Chinaman's Bay and its environs. Railings are painted blue.

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